

THE  
JEALOUS  
LOVERS.

A  
COMEDIE presented to  
their gracious Majesties at  
CAMBRIDGE,  
By the students of  
*Trinitie-Colledge.*

---

Written by THOMAS RANDOLPH,  
Master of Arts, and Fellow  
of the House.

---

—Valeat res ludicra, si me  
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

---

Printed by Roger Daniel, Printer to  
the Univerſitie of Cambridge: 1640.

*And are to be ſold by Richard Ireland.*

822  
R15j  
1640


er  
ou  
fu  
ea  
n  
he  
ro  
er  
ny  
er  
lo  
he  
in  
ne  
er  
ro  
ng



# TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL

Mr Dr COMBER,  
Dean of *Carleil*, Vicechancellour of the  
Univerſitie of *Cambridge*, and Maſter  
of *Trinitie-Colledge*.

*Right worſhipfull,*

 Have obſerved in private families, that the carefull father diſpoſing of his children to ſeverall employments, ſendeth ſome to ſchool, ſome to his plough, ſome to his flocks, while perchance the youngſt, as incapable of greater buſineſſe, has the libertie to play in his hall. So is it in our Societie ( which joyfully acknowledgeth you our carefull and indulgent Parent: ) thoſe of ſtronger abilities, more reading, and longer experience, are buſied ſome in one, ſome in another of the graver and more ſerious ſtudies; while I, the laſt of that learned Bodie, am taſk'd to theſe lighter exerciſes. Accept, Sir, a thing born at your command, and preſerved by your patronage. Not but that I vow the fruits of my more precious houres to your ſervice: for when I conſider the magnificence of our buildings, the riches of our endowments, the great examples of thoſe before me, and all theſe bleſſ'd in your auſpicious government; I find a fire kindled in my breaſt, whoſe flame aimeth higher, & telleth me, ſo glorious a hive the royall Founders meant not to ſhelter drones. So wiſhing our whole Bodie long happy in ſo provident a Governour, I reſt, what my oath and peculiar engagements have bound me to be,

*Yours devoted in all dutifull obſervance,*

98786 | THOM. RANDOLPH.  
A 3 To

# To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

**B**eg thy pardon, if I put thee to the expense of a sixpence, and the losse of an houre. If I could by mine own industrie have furnished the desires of my friends, I had not troubled the Presse. 'Tis no opinion of the worth that wrought me to it; if I find thee charitable, I acknowledge my self beholding to thee: if thou condemne it of weaknesse, I cannot be angrie to see another of my mind. I do not aim at the name of a Poet, I have alwayes admired the free raptures of Poetrie; but it is too unthrifitie a science for my fortunes, and is crept into the number of the seven to undo the other six. That I make so many dedications, think not that I value it as a present rich enough to be divided; but know whom I am in pietie bound to honour. That I admit so many of my friends approbations, is not that I itch'd for praise & love-rubbing, but that I was willing thou shouldst have something worth thy reading. Be to me as kind as my audience, who, when they might have used their censures made choice of their mercies: and so I must acknowledge my self indebted to thy clemencie. I confesse no heights here, no strong conceits; I speak the language of the people.

———— Neque si quis scribit, uti nos,  
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam.

No, bestow the honour of that glorious title on those that have abler wits, diviner inventions, and deeper manthes. Leave me to the privacie of my studies, and accept for thy unknown friend

T. R.

T  
F  
M  
B  
A

*To that complete and noble Knight,*  
SIR KENELLAM DIGBIE.

SIR, when I look on you, me thinks I see  
To the full height how perfect man may be.  
Sure all the Arts did court you, and you were  
So courteous as to give to each their share :  
While we lie lock'd in darknesse, night and day  
Wasting our fruitlesse oyl and time away,  
Perchance for skill in Grammar, and to know  
Whether this word be thus declin'd or no,  
Another cheats himself, perchance to be  
A prettie youth, forsooth, in fallacie.  
This on Arithmetick doth hourelly lie,  
To learn the first great blessing, — Multiply,  
That travels in Geometrie and tires,  
And he above the world a map admires.  
This dotes on Musicks most harmonious chime,  
And studying how to keep it, loses time.  
One turns o're histories, and he can show  
All that has been, but knows not what is now.  
Many in Physick labour ; most of these  
Lose health, to know the name of a disease.  
Some ( too high wise ) are gazing at a starre,  
And if they call it by his name, they are  
In heaven alreadie. And another one  
That cries Melpomene, and drinks Helicon,  
At Poetrie throws wit and wealth away,  
And makes it all his work to write a play.  
Nay, on Divinitie many spend their powers,  
That scarce learn any thing, but to stand two houres.  
How must we, Sir, admire you then, that know  
All Arts, and all the best of these can show !  
T For your deep skill in State, I cannot say ;  
My knowledge there is onely to obey :  
But I believe 't is known to our best Peeres,  
Amaz'd to see a Nestor at your yeares.

Mars claims you too, witnesse the Gallion  
That felt your thunder-bolts at Scanderon,  
When Neptune frightened let his Trident fall,  
And bid his waves call you their Generall.  
How many men might you divide your store  
Of vertues to, and yet not leave you poore,  
Though inrich them ! Stay here. How dare I then  
To such an able judgement shew my pen ?  
But 't is, Sir, from a Muse that humbly prays,  
You'll let her ivie wait upon your bayes.

*Your admiring servant, T. R.*

---

To the truly noble Knight Sir *Christ. Hatton.*

**T**O you ( whose recreations, Sir, might be  
Others employments ; whose quick soul can see  
There may, besides a hawk, good sport be found,  
And musick heard, although without a hound )  
I send my Muse. Be pleas'd to hear her strain  
When y' are at truce with time. 'T is a low vein.  
But were her breast enrag'd with holier fire,  
That she could force, when she but touch'd her lyre,  
The waves to leap above their cliffs, dull earth  
Dance round the centre, and create new birth  
In every Element, and out-charm each Sphere ;  
'T were but a lesson worthy such an eare.

*T. R.*

---

To his honoured Friend M<sup>r</sup> *Antonie Stafford.*

**S**Ir, had my Muse gain'd leisure to conferre  
With your sharp judgement e're I ventur'd her  
On such an audience, that my Comedie  
Had suffer'd by thy Obelisk and thee ;  
It needed not of just applause despair,  
Because those many blots had made it fair.  
I now implore your mercy to my pen,  
That should have rather begg'd your rigour then.

*T. R.*

*Coken*

*Colendissimo viro, & juris municipalis peritissimo, Magistro Richardo Lane.*

**S**Ir, if the Term be done, and you can find  
Leisure to heare my suit, pray be so kind  
To give this toy such courteous acceptation,  
As to be made your client i th' vacation.  
Then, if they say I break the Comick laws,  
I have an advocate can plead my cause.

T. R.

*Venerabili viro Magistro Olboston, preceptor  
suo semper observando.*

**S**I bene quid scripsi, tibi debeo; si malè quicquam,  
Hec erit in vitis maxima culpa meis;  
Naufragium meruit qui non bene navigat equor,  
Cui tu Pierium per freta Tiphys eras.

T. R.

*To his dear friend, Thomas Riley.*

**I**Will not say I on our stage have seen  
A second Roscius; that too poore had been:  
But I have seen a Proteus, that can take  
What shape he please, and in an instant make  
Himself to any thing; be that, or this,  
By voluntarie Metamorphosis.  
When thou dost act, men think it not a play;  
But all they see is reall: O that day,  
(When I had cause to blush that this poore thing  
Did kisse a Queens hand, and salute a King)  
How often had I lost thee! I could find  
One of thy stature, but in every kind  
Alter'd from him I knew; nay, I in thee  
Could all professions and all passions see.

When

When thou art pleas'd to act an angrie part,  
 Thou fright'st the audience; and with nimble art  
 Turn'd Lover, thou dost that so lively too,  
 Men think that Cupid taught thee how to wooe.  
 T' expresse thee all would ask a better pen;  
 Thou art, though little, the whole map of men.  
 In deeper knowledge and Philosophie  
 Thou truly art what others seem to be:  
 Whose learning is all face: as 't were thy fate  
 There not to act where most do personate.  
 All this in one so small; Nature made thee  
 To shew her cunning in epitomie;  
 While others (that seem giants in the arts,  
 Such as have stronger limbes, but weaker parts)  
 Are like a volume that contains less in 't  
 And yet looks big, 'cause 't is a larger print.  
 I should my self have too ungratefull shown,  
 Sent I not thee my book: — Take 't, 't is thine own:  
 For thus farre my confession shall be free,  
 I writ this Comedie, but 't was made by thee.

*Thy true friend, T.R.*

---

Amico suo charissimo, ingeniosissimo, T. Randolpho, liberum de ejus Comœdia judicium.

*A*udebit proprios negare odores  
*Myrrhæ fasciculus, suâque mellis*  
*Mendicare medulla suavitates,*  
*Prius quàm his Veneres deesse credam,*  
*Quæ præ se placidos ferunt Amores.*  
*Æternùm vigeat, vicens amore.*  
*Quòd si quis lapides loquatur, istum*  
*Jam jam aptum Tumulo scias libellum.*  
*En! noster bona verba portat autor:*  
*Illas vult dare, quas recepit, auras,*  
*Ridentes, niveoque perjocose*  
*Vincentes Charitas nitore frontis.*

*Amores*

*Amores simul elegantiaſque  
Ad parvus properare tum putetis,  
Cum riſus popularis & theatri  
Plauſus ſuppeditarit obſetricem.*

**D**Eſert keeps cloſe, when they that write by gueſſe  
Scatter their ſcribbles and invade the Preſſe.  
Stage-Poets ('t is their hard, yet common hap)  
Break out like thunder, though without a clap.  
Here 't is not ſo; there's nothing now comes forth,  
Which hath not for a licence its own worth.  
No ſwagg'ring terms, no taunts; for 't is not right  
To think that onely toothſome which can bite.  
See how the Lovers come in Virgin die,  
And Roſie bluſh, enſignes of modeſtie;  
Though once beheld by ſuch with that content,  
They need not fear others diſparagement.  
But I'll not tell their fortune, what e're 't be;  
Thou muſt needs know 't, if ſkill'd in palmeſtrie.  
Thus much, where King applauds, I dare be bold  
To ſay, 'T is pettie-treaſon to withhold.

*Edward Hyde.*

---

*To his deareſt friend the Authour, after he had  
reviſed his Comedie.*

**T**He more I this thy maſter-piece peruſe,  
The more thou ſeem'ſt to wrong thy noble Muſe,  
And thy free Genius: If this were mine,  
A modeſt envie would bid me confine  
It to my ſtudie, or the Criticks court,  
And not make that the vulgar peoples ſport,  
Which gave ſuch ſweet delight unto the King,  
Who cenſur'd it not as a common thing,  
Though thou haſt made it publick to the view  
Of ſelf-love, malice, and that other crue.  
It were more fit it ſhould impaled lie

*W. H.*

Within the walls of some great librarie ;  
 That if by chance through injurie of time,  
 Plaurus, and Terence, and that \* fragrant thyme \* *Aristo-*  
 Of Attick wit should perish ; we might see *phanes.*  
 All those reviv'd in this one comedie.  
 The Jealous Lovers, Pander, Gull, and Whore,  
 The doting Father, Shark, and many more  
 Thy scene doth represent unto the life,  
 Beside the character of a curst Wife :  
 So truly given, in so proper style,  
 As if thy active soul had dwelt a while  
 In each mans bodie ; and at length had seen  
 How in their humours they themselves demean.  
 I could commend thy jests, thy lines, thy plot,  
 Had I but tongues enow ; thy names ; what not ?  
 But if our Poets, praising other men,  
 Wish for an hundred tongues ; what want we then  
 When we praise Poets ? This I'll onely say,  
 This work doth crown thee Laureate to day.  
 In other things how all, we all know well,  
 Onely in this thou dost thy self excell. *Edward Fraunces.*

---

*To his dear friend Mr. Thomas Randolph, on  
 his Comedie called The Jealous Lovers.*

**F**riend, I must grieve your poems injur'd be  
 By that rare vice in Poets, Modestie.  
 If you dislike the issues of your pen,  
 You have invention, but no judgement then.  
 You able are to write, but 't is as true,  
 Those that were there can judge as well as you.  
 You onely think your gold adulterate,  
 When every scale of judgement finds it weight,  
 And every touchstone perfect. This I'll say,  
 You contradict the name of your own play :  
 You are no lover of the lines you writ,  
 Yet you are jealous still of your own wit.

*Rich. Benefield, T. C.*



*To his ingenuous friend, the Authour, concerning  
his Comedie.*

**T**He Muses, Tom, thy *Jealous Lovers* be,  
Striving which has the greatest share in thee.  
Euterpe calls thee hers ; such is thy skill  
In pastorall sonnets and in rurall quill.  
Melpomene claims thee for her own, and cries,  
Thou hast an excellent vein for elegies.  
'T is true ; but then Calliope disdains,  
Urging thy fanisie in heroick strains.  
Thus all the Nine : Apollo by his laws  
Sits judge in person to decide the cause :  
Beholds thy Comedie, approves thy art,  
And so gives sentence on Thalia's part.  
To her he dooms thee onely of the nine ;  
What though the rest with jealousie repine ?  
Then let thy Comedie, Thalia's daughter,  
Begin to know her mother Muse by laughter.  
Out with 't, I say, smother not this thy birth,  
But publish to the world thy harmlesse mirth.  
No fretting frontispice, nor biting Satyre  
Needs usher 't forth : born tooth'd ? fie, 'tis 'gainst nature  
Thou hadst th' applause of all : King, Queen, and Court,  
And Universitie, all lik'd thy sport.  
No blunt preamble in a Cynick humour  
Need quarrel at dislike, and, spite of rumour,  
Force a more candid censure, and extort  
An approbation, maugre all the Court.  
Such rude and snarling prefaces suit not thee ;  
They are superfluous : for thy Comedie,  
Backt with its own worth and the authours name,  
Will find sufficient welcome, credit, fame.

*James Dupont*

*Randolph*

## Randolpho suo.

**N**on quæram monumenta firmiora,  
Nostri nominis ut supersit ætas,  
Cum scriptus legar in tuo libello,  
Et tecum similis futurus ævi,  
Qui jam vita cluis Scholæ & Theatri?  
Volo. Marmor erit mihi poeta.  
Mausolæa mihi mei Menandri  
O quàm æterna satîs liber perennis!  
Non quæram monumenta firmiora,  
Nostri nominis ut supersit ætas.

Thom. Riley

**A**gmine non tanto paupertas multa beatam  
Divitis & pransam vexat ubique domum,  
Quot tua quotidie pulsarunt limina Chartæ:  
Fervidus à tergo & quisque rogator adest.  
Prodeat audacter, repetitâque vulnera præli  
Fabula, quæ meruit sustinuisse, ferat.  
Non horret tantùm tua Musa, aut mutat, ut esset  
Turpior ornatu rustica Nympha suo.

Car. Fotherbie. J. Coll.

## Amico suo ingeniosissimo

THOM. RANDOLPH.

**I**ngito xelotypos, quos pulchrè fingis, amores;  
Sed nil de Musa suspicionis habe.  
Ac dominam ut plures norint, & adultera fiet;  
Musa, licet fuerit publica, casta manet.

Fr. Meares?  
Fratri

Fratri suo Thom. Randolph.

**N**on satis est quod te dederit natura priorem,  
Ni simul & natu major, & arte fores?  
Illa, sciens noster quàm non sit magnus agellus,  
Ingenio tenues jure rependit opes.

Ro. Randolph. æd. Chr. Oxon.

---

A U T O R I.

**H**æi mihi! quos fluctus, quod tentas æquor, amice?  
Queis te jactandum das malesanus aquis?  
Irritata juvat quid possit lectio scire?  
Amula vel de te dicere lingua velit?  
I felix, oculos dudum prædatus, & aures,  
Censuramque ipsam sub juga mitte gravem.  
Qui meruit C A R O L O plausum spectante, popello  
Non est cur metuat displicuisse rudi.  
Dirige victorem captivo Cesare currum,  
Augeat & titulos victa M A R I A tuos:  
Triste supercilium lævo nictantis oculo  
Mitte sibi: Momis est placuisse nefas.

Thom. Vincent,

Drama-

## Dramatis personæ.

**T**ndarus, sonne of Demetrius, and supposed brother to Pamphilus, inamour'd of Evadne.

**Pamphilus**, supposed sonne to Demetrius, but sonne indeed to Chremylus.

**Evadne**, supposed daughter of Chremylus.

**Techmessa**, daughter to Chremylus.

**Demetrius**, an Athenian in the disguise of an Astrologer.

**Chremylus**, an old man.

**Dipsas**, his wife.

**Simo**, an old doting father.

**Asotus**, his prodigall sonne.

**Ballio**, a Pander, and Tutour to Asotus.

**Phryne**, a Courtesan, and Mistresse to Asotus,

**Phronesium**, a merry chambermaid.

**Hyperbolus**,

**Tbrassymachus**,

**Bomolochus**,

**Cherilus**,

A sexton.

**Staphyla**, his wife.

**Pegnum**, a Page.

A Priest.

Officers.

Servants.

## The Scene


## Thebes.

The

# The Jealous Lovers.

## ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Simo, Asotus, Ballio.*

*Sim.*  *Ow* thrives my boy *Asotus*? is he capable  
Of your grave precepts? *Ball.* Sir, I never  
met

A quicker brain, a wit so neat and spruce.  
Well, get thee home old *Simo*: go & kneel:

Fall on thy aged knees, and thank the gods  
Th'hast got a boy of wax, fit to receive  
Any impressions. *Asot.* As I am a Gentleman,  
And first of all our family, you wrong me, Dad,  
To take me for a dunce. *Sim.* No, good *Asotus*,  
It is thy fathers care, a provident care,  
That wakes him from his sleeps to think of thee;  
And when I brooding sit upon my bags,  
And every day turn o're my heaps of gold,  
Each piece I finger makes me start, and crie,  
This, this, and this, and this is for *Asotus*,

*Asot.* Take this, and this, and this, and this again:  
Can you not be content to give me money,  
But you must hit me in the teeth with 't? ———— *S'*lid.

*Ball.* Nay, good *Asotus*, such a loving father  
That does not blesse you with a sweatie palm  
Clapt on your head, or some unfruitfull prayer;  
But layes his blessings out in gold and silver,  
Fine white and yellow blessings. *Asot.* Pr'ythee *Ballio*,  
I could endure his white and yellow blessings,  
If he would leave his prating. *Sim.* Do you heare him;  
How sharp and tart his answers are; Old *Simo*,

B

Th'hast

Th' hast got a wittie wittie wagge ; yet dear one,  
When I behold the vastnesse of my treasure,  
How large my coffers, yet how cramm'd with wealth,  
That every talent sweats as in a crowd,  
And grieves not at the prison but the narrownesse.

*Asot.* If I make not room for 'em, ne're trust me.

*Sim.* When I see this, I cannot chuse but fear  
Thou canst not find out wayes enow to spend it :  
They will out-vie thy pleasures. *Ball.* Few such fathers !  
I cannot chuse but stroke your beard, and wonder,  
That having so much wealth you have the wit  
To understand for whom you got it. *Asot.* True :  
And I have so much wit to understand  
It must be spent, and shall, boyes. *Sim.* Pray heaven it may !  
*Asot.* I'll live to spend it all ; & then——perhaps I'll die !  
And will not leave the purchase of a sheet,  
Or buy a rotten coffin. *Ball.* Yes, deare Pupill,  
Buy me an urn ; while yet we laugh and live,  
It shall contain our drink, and, when we die,  
It may preserve our dust : tis fit our ashes  
Should take a nap there where they took their liquour.

*Sim.* Sage counsel this——observe it, boy,——observe it

*Asot.* I live in Thebes, yet I dare swear all Athens  
Affords not such a Tutour : thou mayst reade  
To all the young heires——in town or citie.

*Sim.* Ah Ballio ! I have lived a dunghill wretch,  
Grown poore by getting riches, mine own torture,  
A rust unto my self, as to my gold :  
To pile up idle treasure starv'd my bodie  
Thus, to a wrinkled skin, and rotten bones,  
And spider-like have spunne a web of gold  
Out of my bowels ; onely knew the care,  
But not the use of gold.——Now, gentle Ballio,  
I would not have my sonne so loth'd a thing :  
No, let him live and spend, and buy his pleasures  
At any rate. Reade to him, gentle Ballio,

Where

Where are the daintiest meats, the briskest wines,  
The cosliest garments. Let him dice and wench;  
But with the fairest, be she wife or daughter  
To our best Burgesse: and if Thebes be scarce,  
Buy me all Corinth for him: — When I sleep  
Within my quiet grave I shall have dreams,  
Fine pleasant dreams, to think with how much pleasure  
Asotus spends what I with care have got.

*Asot.* Sure I were a most ungracious child now,  
If I should spoil the dreams of a dead father.  
Sleep when thou wilt within thy quiet urn,  
And thou shalt dream thou seest me drink Sack plentie,  
Incircled round with Doxies plump — and daintie.

*Sim.* How thrives my boy? — How forward in his studies?

*Ball.* Troth — with much industrie — I have brought him  
now (drinking?)

That he is grown — past drinking. *Sim.* How man? past

*Ball.* I mean, he is grown perfect in that science.

*Sim.* But will he not forget? *Asot.* No I warrant you,  
I know I sha'nt forget; because i' th' morning  
I ne're remember what I did o're night.

*Sim.* How feeds my boy? *Ball.* Troth well: I never met  
A stomach of more valour, or a tooth  
Of such judicious knowledge. *Sim.* Can he wench? ha?

*Ball.* To say the truth — but rawly. *Asot.* Rawly? — I'm  
sure

I have already made my Dad a Grandfire  
To five and twentie: — and if I do not  
Out of mere charitie people all the Hospitalls  
With my stray babes, then geld me. — Wo to the Parish  
That bribes me not to spare it. *Ball.* Then for the Die,  
He throws it with such art, so poys'd a hand,  
That had you left him nothing, that one mysterie  
Were a sufficient portion. *Asot.* Will you see me?  
Set me a bag. These were an Usurers bones.

*Ball.* In this behold what frailtie lives in man :  
 He that rubb'd out a life to gather trash,  
 Is after death turn'd prodigall. *Sim.* Throw, *Afotus.*  
*Afot.* Then have at all, — and 'twere a million. — All !  
 Fortune was kind : the precious dirt is mine.  
*Sim.* And take it boy, and this — and this beside.  
 And, 'cause desert may challenge a reward,  
 This for your pains, deare Ballio. *Ball.* My endeavours,  
 Although to my best power, — — alas — come short  
 Of any merit. Sir, you make me blush,  
 And this reward but chides my insufficiencie.  
 Pray urge it not. *Sim.* A modest — honest — honest man:  
 I'll double it — in faith I will — I am  
 The joyfull'st father ! *Ball.* See how the good man weeps !  
*Afot.* So he will weep his gold away, no matter.  
*Sim.* Come hither deare, come, let me kisse my sonne.  
*Afot.* There's a sweet kisse indeed: this 'tis to want  
 A Tutour. Had you had my education,  
 You would have ta'ne me by the lilie hand,  
 Then gaz'd awhile upon my flaming eyes,  
 As wondring at the lustre of their orbs ;  
 Then humbly beg in language strow'd with flowers,  
 To tast the cherries of my rubie lip.  
 God-a-mercy for this, Tutour. *Sim.* I am o'rejoy'd, I am  
 o'rejoy'd, *Exit Simo.*

## SCEN. II.

*Afotus, Ballio.*

*Afot.* **W**ell, go thy wayes, I may have a thousand fa-  
 chers,  
 And never have the like: — Well pockets, well,  
 Be not so sad ; though you are heavie now,  
 You shall be lighter. *Ball.* Pupill, I must tell you,  
 I do repent the losse of those good houres,  
 And would call back the studie I have ta'ne

In



In morall Alchymie, to extract a Gentleman  
Almost out of a dunghill. Still do I see

So much of peasant in you? *Asot.* Angrie, Tutour?

*Ball.* Teem'd my Invention all this while for this?  
No better issue of my labouring brain,  
After so many and such painfull throes?  
Another sinne like this, and be transform'd  
Meere clown again. *Asot.* The reason, deare Instructour.

*Ball.* Have I not open'd to you all the mysteries,  
The precise rules and axiomes of Gentilitie?  
And all methodicall? Yet you still so dull,  
As not to know you print eternall stains  
Upon your honour, and corrupt your bloud  
(That cost me many a minute the refining)  
By carrying your own money? See these Breeches,  
A pair of worthy, rich, and reverend Breeches  
Lost to the fashion by a lump of drosse.

I'll be your bailiff rather. *Asot.* Out infection.

*Ball.* Who, that beheld those hose, could e're suspect  
They would be guilty of mechanick metall?  
What's your vocation? Trade you for your self?  
Or else whose Journeyman or Prentise are you?

*Asot.* Pardon me, Tutour: for I do repent,  
And do protest hereafter I will never  
Wear any thing that jingles-----but my spurres.

*Ball.* This is gentile. *Asot.* Away mechanick trash:  
I'll kick thee, sonne of earth:-----thus will I kick thee,  
For torturing my poore father.-----Dirt, avant-----  
I do abandon thee. *Ball.* Blest be thy generous tongue.  
But: who comes here? This office must be mine:  
I'll make you fair account of every drachme.

*Asot.* I'll not endure the trouble of account:  
Say all is spent,-----and then we must have more.

*The Jealous Lovers.*

Act. I.

SCEN. III.

*Tyndarus, Afotus, Ballio,*

*Tyn.* **V**What Furie shot a viper through my soul  
To poison all my thoughts? Civil diffension  
Warres in my blood: here Love with thousand bows  
And twenty thousand arrows layes his siege  
To my poore heart; which, mann'd with nought but fear,  
Denies the great god entrance. O Evadne!  
Canst thou, that risest fairer then the morn,  
Set blacker then the evening? — Weak jealousie! —  
Did e're thy prying and suspicious sight  
Find her lip guilty of a wanton smile?  
Or one lascivious glance dart from her eye?  
The blushes of her cheeks are innocent,  
Her carriage sober, her discourse all chaste;  
No toyish gesture, no desire to see  
The publick shows, or haunt the theatre.  
She is no popular Mistresse; all her kisses  
Do speak her Virgin: such a bashfull heat  
At severall tides ebbes, flowes, flowes, ebbes again,  
As't were afraid to meet our wilder flame.  
But if all this be cunning, (as who knows  
The sleights of Sirens?) and I credulous fool  
Train'd by her songs to sink in her embraces;  
I were undone for ever — wretched Tyndarus!

*Afot.* Ha, ha, ha, he. This is an arrant Cockscomb,  
That's jealous of his wife ere he has got her,  
And thinks himself a Cuckold before marriage.

*Ball.* Want of a Tutour makes unbridled youth  
Run wildly into passions. You have got  
A skilfull Pilot (though I say it) Pupill,  
One that will steer both you and your estate  
Into safe harbour. — Pray, observe his humour.

*Tyn.* Away foul sin. — Tis Atheisme to suspect  
A devil lodg'd in such divinitie.

Call

Call snow unchaste, and say the ice is wanton;  
 If she be so. No, my Evadne, no;  
 I know thy soul as beauteous as thy face.  
 That glorious outside which all eyes adore,  
 Is but the fair shrine of a fairer saint.  
 O pardon me thy penitent infidell:  
 By thy fair eyes ( from whom this little world  
 Borrowes that light it has ) I henceforth vow  
 Never to think sinne can be grown so bold  
 As to assault thy soul. *Asot.* This fellow, Tutour,  
 Waxes and wanes a hundred times in a minute:  
 In my conscience he was got in the change o'th' Moon.

## SCEN. IIII.

*Chremylus, Dipsas, Asotus, Ballio, Tyndarus.*

*Dip.* **R**ot in thy grave, thou dotard, I defie thee;  
 Curst be our day of marriage: shall I nurse  
 And play the mother to anothers brat?  
 And she to nose my daughter?—— Take Evadne,  
 Your pretty-precious-by-blow, fair Evadne,  
 The minion of the town: go——and provide her  
 A place i'th' Spittle. *Chrem.* Gentle wife, have patience.

*Dip.* Let them have patience that can have patience.  
 For I will have no patience.——S'lid. Patience? Patience?

*Chrem.* You know her daughter to our dearest friend:  
 And should my sonne committed to his care  
 Thus suffer as the poore Evadne does,  
 The gods were just so to revenge her wrong.

*Dip.* I will not have my house afflicted with her;  
 She has more suitours then a pretty wench in an University,  
 While my daughter has leisure enough to follow her needle.

*Chrem.* Wife, I must tell you y'are a peevisish woman.

*Dip.* And I must tell you y'are an arrant Cockseomb  
 To tell me so. My daughter nos'd by a slut?

*Asot.* There will be a quarrel, Tutour: do you take

The old mans part; I am o'th' womans side.

*Chrem.* Were every vein in poore Evadne fill'd  
With bloud deriv'd from those whose ancestours  
Transmitted in that bloud a hate to us,

A lineall hate to all our family;

Yet trusted to my care she is my daughter,  
And shall share equall blessings with mine own.

*Dip.* Then a perpetuall noise shall fill thy house:

I will not let thee sleep, nor eat, nor drink,

But I will torture thee with a peal of chiding.

Thou shalt confesse the troubled sea more calm;

That thunder with lesse violence cleaves the aire:

The ravens, schreech-owls, and the mandrakes voice

Shall be thy constant musick—I can talk.

Thy friends that come to see thee shall grow deaf

With my loud clamours. Heaven be prais'd for tongue:

No woman in all Thebes is better weapon'd:

And 't shall be sharper; or were any member

Not dead besides my tongue, I would employ it

In thy just torment. I am vext to think,

My best revenge age hath prevented now:

Else every man should reade it in thy brow.

*Chrem.* I will not wind you up, deare larum: Go,

Run out your line at length, and so be quiet.

*Exit Chremylus.*

# SCEN. V.

*Dipsas, Tyndarus, Asotus, Ballio.*

*Tyn* **H**ere is an argument, *Tyndarus*, to incite  
And tempt thy free neck to the yoke of Love.

Are these the joyes we reap i'th' nuptiall bed?

First in thy bosome warm the snake, and call

The viper to thy arms——O gentle death,

There is no sleep blest and secure but thine.

Wives are but fair afflictions: sure this woman

Was

Scen. 6. *The Jealous Lovers.*

9

Was woo'd with protestations, oathes and vowes;  
As well as my Evadne, thought as fair,  
As wise and vertuous as my soul speaks her:  
And may not she or play the hypocrite now?  
Or after turn Apostate?—Guilty thoughts,  
Disturb me not. For were the sex a sinne,  
Her goodnesse were sufficient to redeem  
And ransome all from slander. *Dip.* Gentle Sir,  
I pitie the unripenesse of your age,  
That cast your love upon a dangerous rock.  
My daughter! —But I blush to own the birth,  
And curse the womb so fruitfull to my shame.  
You may be wise and happy—or repent.

*Exit Dipsas.*

SCEN. VI.

*Tyndarus, Asotus, Ballio.*

*Asot.* **T**HIS woman is a devil, for she hates her  
own children.

*Ball.* In what an extasie stands that grieved wight!

*Asot.* In troth I shall into compunction melt.  
Will not a cup of Lesbian liquour rowze  
His frozen spirits to agility?

*Ball.* Spoke like a sonne of Æsculapius!

*Asot.* My fathers angels guard thee. We have gold  
To cure thy dumps, although we do not mean  
It should profane these breeches. Sure his soul  
Is gone upon some errand, and has left  
The corps in pawn till it come back again.

*Tyn.* Cold jealousy, I shall account thee now  
No idle passion, when the womb that bare her  
Shall plead her guilt: I must forget her name.  
Flie from my memorie: I will drink oblivion  
To lose the loth'd Evadne. *Asot.* Generous Sir,  
A pottle of Elixir at the Pegasus  
Bravely carouz'd is more restorative.

My Tuteur shall disburse. *Tyn.* Good impertinent.

*Asot.* Impertinent? Impertinent in thy face.

Danger accrues upon the word Impertinent.

Tutour, draw forth thy fatall ſteel, and ſlaſh

Till he devoure the word Impertinent,

*Ball.* The word Impertinent will not bear a quarrel ;  
The Epithet of Good hath mollified it.

*Asot.* We are appeas'd——Be ſafe——I ſay——Be ſafe.

*Tyn.* Be not raſh, Tyndarus. This malicious woman  
May as well hate her daughter, as her husband.  
I am too ſudden to conclude her falſe

On ſuch ſleight witneſſe. Shall I think the Sunne

Has loſt his crown of light, becauſe a cloud

Or envious night hath caſt a robe of darkneſſe

'Twixt the worlds eye and mine? *Asot.* Canſt thou, royall  
Burn out the remnant of a day with us? (boy,

*Tyn.* I am reſolved upon a ſafer triall.

Sir, you are courtly, and no doubt the Ladies

Fall out about you: for thoſe rare perfections

Can do no leſſe then raviſh. *Asot.* I confeſſe——

I cannot walk the ſtreets, but ſtraight the females

Are in a tumult.——I muſt leave thee, Thebes,

Leſt I occaſion civill warres to rage

Within thy walls——I would be loth to ruine

My native ſoil. *Ball.* Sir, what with my inſtructions,

He has the wooing character. *Tyn.* Could you now

But pull the maiden-bloſſomes of a roſe.

Sweet as the ſpring it buds in, fair Evadne ;

Or gain her promiſe, and that grant confirm'd

By ſome ſleight jewel, I ſhall vow my ſelf

Indebted to the ſervice, and live yours.

*Asot.* She cannot ſtand the furie of my ſiege.

*Ball.* At firſt aſſault he takes the female fort.

*Asot.* And ride loves conquerour, through the ſtreets of  
Thebes. I'll tell you, Sir: You would not think how  
many Gentlemen-uſhers have & daily do indanger their lives

the legs, by walking early and late to bring me visits from his Ladie, and that Countesse. Heaven pardon the sinne ! We're a man in this city has made so many chambermaids lose their voices as I ha' done.

*Tyn.* As how, I pray ? *Asot.* By rising in the cold night to take me in to their Madame. If you heare a waiting-woman coughing, follow her : she will infallibly direct you to some that has been a mistresse of mine.

*Ball.* I have read loves tacticks to him, and he knows the militarie discipline of wooing : To rank and file his kisses: How to muster his troupes of complements, and---*Tyn.* I do believe you. Go on--return victorious. O poore heart, What sorrows dost thou teem with ! Here she comes.

SCEN. VII.

*Tyndarus, Asotus, Ballio, Evadne.*

*Tyn.* **A**ND is it possible so divine a Goddesse Should fall from heaven to wallow here in sin With a Babion as this is ?---My Evadne, Why should a sadnesse dwell upon this cheek To blast the tender roses ? spare those tears To pitie others; thy unspotted soul Has not a stain in 't to be washt away With penitent waters. Do not grieve ; thy sorrows Have forc'd mine eyes too to this womanish weaknesse.

*Asot.* A pretty enemy I long for an encounter. Who would not be valiant to fight under such colours ?

*Evad.* My lord, 't is guilt enough in me to challenge A sea of tears, that you suspect me guilty. Would your just sword would so courteous be As to unrip my heart ; there you shall read In characters sad lovers use to write, Nothing but innocence and true faith to you.

*Tyn.* I have lost all distrust ; seal me my pardon

In

In a chaste turtles kisse. The doves that draw  
 The rose chariot of the Queen of Love,  
 Shall not be link'd in whiter yokes then we.  
 Come let us kisse, Evadne,----Out temptation!  
 There was too much, and that too wanton heat  
 In thy lascivious lip.--Go to the stews;  
 I may perchance be now and then a customer,  
 But do abjure thee from my chaster sheets.

*Exit Tyndarus*

SCEN. VIII.

*Evadne, Ballio, Asotus.*

*Evad.* **T**Hen from the world abjure thy self, Evadne,  
 And in thy quiet death secure the thoughts  
 Of troubled Tyndarus.----My womanish courage  
 Could prompt me on to die, were not that death  
 Doubled in losing him. Th' Elyfian fields  
 Can be no paradise while he 's not there:  
 The walks are dull without him. *Asot.* Such a qualm  
 O' th' sudden. *Ball.* Fie, turn'd coward? Resolution  
 Is the best sword in warre. *Asot.* Then I will on,  
 And boldly.----Yet. *Ball.* What? will you lose the d  
 E're you begin the battel? *Asot.* Truly, Tutour,  
 I have an ague takes me every day,  
 And now the cold fit 's on me. *Ball.* Go home and blus  
 Thou sonne of fear. *Asot.* Nay, then I 'll venture on,  
 Were she ten thousand strong. Hail, heavenly Queen  
 Of beautie, most illustrious Cupids daughter  
 Was not so fair. *Ball.* His mother. *Asot.* 'T is no matter  
 The silly Damsell understands no Poetrie.  
 Deigne me thy lip as blue as azure bright.

*Ball.* As red as ruby bright. *Asot.* What 's that to  
 Is not azure blue as good as ruby red? (purpose)

*Evad.* It is not charitable mirth to mock  
 A wretched Ladies griefs. The gods are just,



and may requite you with a scorn as great  
 as that you throw on me. *Asot.* Not kisse a Gentleman?  
 and my father worth thousands?—Resolution,  
 purre me to brave achievements. *Evad.* Such a rudenesse  
 some Ladies by the valour of their servants  
 could have redeem'd.—Ungentle god of Love,  
 Write not me down among the happier names;  
 onely live a martyr in thy flames.

Exit.

*Asot.* This is such a masculine feminine gender.

*Ball.* She is an Amazon both stout and tall.

*Asot.* Yet I got this by struggling. If I fit you not, <sup>a diamond</sup>  
 proud squeamish coynesse,—Tutour, such an itch <sup>ring out of</sup>  
 of kissing runnes all o're me. I'll to Phryne, <sup>her eare,</sup>  
 and fool away an houre or two in dalliance.

*Ball.* Go. I must stay to wait on fair Techmessa;

who is as jealous of young Pamphilus

as Tyndarus of Evadne. *Asot.* Surely, Tutour,

must provide me a suit of jealousy:

will be all the fashion.

## SCEN. IX.

Techmessa, Ballio.

*Tech.* **B**lesse me! what uncouth fantasies trosse my brain!

As in yon arbour sleepe had clos'd mine eyes,

I thought within a flowrie plain were met

a troupe of Ladies, and myself was one.

Amongst them rose a challenge, whose soft foot

could gentlest presse the grasse, and quickest run.

The prize for which they strove, the heart of Pamphilus,

the victorie was doubtfull. All perform'd

their course with equall speed, and Pamphilus

was chosen judge to end the controversie.

I thought he shar'd his heart, and dealt a piece

to every Lady of the troupe, but me:

was unkindly done. *Ball.* I have descried—

Tech.

*Tech.* What, Ballio? *Ball.* A frost in his affections  
To you; ——— but heat above the rage of Dog-dayes  
To any other peticoat in Thebes.

I do not think but were the Pox a woman,  
He would not stick to court it. *Tech.* O my soul!  
Thou hast descried too much. ——— How sweet it is  
To live in ignorance! *Ball.* I did sound him home,  
And with such words profan'd your reputation,  
Would whet a cowards sword. One that ne're saw you  
Rebuk'd my slanderous tongue. I feel the crab-tree still,  
While he sat still unmov'd. *Tech.* It cannot be.

*Ball.* I'll undertake he shall resigne his weapon,  
And forswear steel in any thing but knives,  
Rather then venture one small scratch, to salve  
Your wounded honour; or, to prove you chaste,  
Encounter with a pin.

*Tech.* I am no common mistresse, nor have need  
To entertain a multitude of champions  
To draw in my defense. ——— Yet had he lov'd me,  
He could not heare me injur'd with such patience.  
Ballio, one triall more: bring me his sword  
Rather resign'd then drawn in my defense,  
And I shall rest confirm'd. *Ball.* Here's a fine businesse.  
What shall I do? go to a cutlers shop,  
And buy a sword like that. O 't will not do.  
*Tech.* Will you do this? *Ball.* It is resolv'd. I will  
One way or other. Wit, at a dead list help me.

## SCEN. X.

*Pegnum, Techmessa, Ballio.*

*Peg.* **M** Adame, the wretched Pamphilus! *Tech.* What  
him?

*Peg.* Is through your cruelty and suspicion dead.

*Ball.* That news revives me. *Tech.* Haste, Techmessa  
then:

Wh

What dost thou here when Pamphilus is dead ?  
 Cast off this robe of clay, my soul, and flie  
 To overtake him, bear him companie  
 To the Elysian groves : the journey thither  
 Is dark and melancholy : do not suffer him  
 To go alone. *Pag.* Madame, I joy to see  
 With how much sorrow you receive his death :  
 I will restore you comfort : Pamphilus lives.

*Ball.* If Pamphilus live, then Ballio's dead again.

*Tech.* Do you put tricks upon me ? we shall have you  
 On a little counterfeit sorrow, and a few drops  
 Of womans tears, go and perswade your master  
 I am deeply in love with him. *Pag.* If you be not,  
 You ought in justice. *Tech.* I'll give thee a new feather  
 And tell me what were those three Ladies names  
 Your master entertain'd last night. *Pag.* Three Ladies !

*Tech.* You make it strange now. *Pag.* Madame, by all  
 My master bears a love so firmly constant (oathes  
 To you, and onely you ; he talks, thinks, dreams  
 Of nothing but Techmessa. When he hears  
 The sound of your blest name, he turns Chameleon,  
 And lives on that sweet aire. Here he has sent me ( *he layes*  
 With letters to you ; which I should deliver *down his*  
 I know not, nor himselfe : for first he writes, *sword, to*  
 And, when that letter likes him not, begins *pull out his*  
 A second style, and so a third and fourth, *letters.*  
 And thus proceeds ; then reads 'em over all,  
 And knows not which to send : perchance tears all.  
 The paper was not fair enough to kisse  
 So white a hand ; that letter was too big,  
 A line uneven ; all excuse prevail'd.

Language, or phrase, or word, or syllable,  
 That he thought harsh and rough. I have heard him with  
 Above all blessings heaven can bestow  
 So strange a fanisie has affection taught him )  
 That he might have a quill from Cupids wing

Dipt

Dipt in the milk of Venus, to record  
 Your praises and his love. I have brought you here  
 Whole packets of affection. *Ball.* Blessed occasion! *(he flees  
 away the  
 sword.)*  
 Here is a conquest purchas'd without bloud.  
 Though strength and valour fail us, yet we see  
 There may a field be won by policie. *Exit.*

*Tech.* Go, Pægnium, tell your master I could wish  
 That I was his; but bid him choose another.  
 Tell him he has no hope e're to injoy me;  
 Yet bid him not despair. I do not doubt  
 His constant love to me: yet I suspect  
 His zeal more fervent to some other saint.  
 Say I receive his letters with all joy,  
 But will not take the pains to read a syllable. *Exit.*


*Pag.* If I do not think women were got with riddling, whilom  
 me: Hocas, Pocas, here you shall have me, and there you shall  
 have me. A man cannot find out their meaning without  
 the sieve & sheers. I conceive 'em now to be ingendred of  
 nothing but the wind & the weather-cock. What? my sword  
 gone? Ha! Well. This same pandarly rogue Ballio has  
 got it. He sows suspicions of my master here, because he  
 cudgells him into manners, and that old scold Dipfas hires  
 him to it. How could such a devil bring forth such an Angel  
 as my Lady Techmessas? unless it were before her fall.  
 I know all their plots, and yet they cannot see 'em. Heaven  
 keep me from love, and preserve my eye-sight. Go plot Engi-  
 neers, plot on:

I 'll work a countermine, and 't will be brave,  
 An old rogue over-reach'd by a young knave. *Exit.*

ACT

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

*Asotus, Ballio.*

*Asot.*  Evenge, more sweet then muscadine and  
egges,  
To day I will embrace thee. Healths in  
bloud  
Are souldiers mornings-draughts. Proud,  
proud Evadne

Shall know what 't is to make a wit her foe,  
And such a wit as can give overthrow  
To male or female, be they ———man or woman.

This can my Tutour do, and I, or ———no man.

*Ball.* And Pamphilus shall learn by this dear knock  
His liberal valour late bestowed upon me,  
Invention lies at safer ward then wit:

This sword shall teach not to provoke the cruel.

*Asot.* And by this gemme shall I confound a jewel.

Slid, Tutour, I have a wit too: there was a jest *ex tempore*.

SCEN. II.

*Asotus, Ballio, Tyndarus.*

*Tyn.* **P**Hyficians say, there's no disease so dangerous  
As when the Patient knows not he is sick.

Such, such is mine. I could not be so ill,  
Did I but know I were not well. The fear  
Of dangers but suspected is more horrid  
Then present miserie. I have seen a man,  
During the storm, shake at the thoughts of death:  
Who, when his eyes beheld a certain ruine,  
Died hugging of the wave. Were Evadne true,  
were too blest; or could I say she's false,  
could no more be wretched. ——— I am well:  
My false beats musick, and my lively bloud

C

*Dances*

Dances a healthfull measure. ——— Ha ! What 's this  
Gnaws at my heart ? what viperous shirt of Nessus  
Cleaves to my skin, and eats away my flesh ?

'T is some infection. ——— *Asot.* Tutour, let 's be gone.  
O' my life we are dead men else. *Tyn.* My Asotus ?

*Asot.* Keep your infection to your self. *Tyn.* 'T is love  
Is my infection. *Asot.* Nay, then I care not, Tyndarus:  
For that is an epidemicall disease,  
And is the finest sicknesse in the world

When it takes two together. *Tyn.* Dear, dear self !  
How fares the darling of the age ? Say, what success ?

*Asot.* Did not I tell you, Sir, that I was born  
With a caul upon my face ? My mother wrapt me  
In her own smock. The females fall before me  
Like trembling doves before the tousing hawk,  
While o're the spoils in triumph thus I walk.

*Ball.* So he takes virgins with his amorous eye,  
As spiders web intraps the tender flie. (lawne

*Asot.* True, Tutour, true : for I woo 'em with cobweb-

*Tyn.* I know the rest of women may be frail,  
Brittle as glasses : but my Evadne stands  
A rock of Parian marble, firm and pure.  
The crystall may be tainted, and rude feet  
Profane the milkie way : The Phoenix self,  
Although but one, ——— no virgin : e're I harbour  
Dishonourable thoughts of that bright maid !  
No, Tyndarus, reflect upon thy self,  
Turn thine eyes inward, see thine own unworthinesse,  
That does thy thoughts to this suspicion move :  
She loves thee not, 'cause thou deserv'st no love.

*Asot.* I do not know where the enchantment lies,  
Whether it be the magick of mine eyes,  
Or lip, or cheek, or brow : ——— but I suppose  
The conjuration chiefly in my nose.  
Evadne, Sir, is mine, and woo'd me first,  
Troth 't is a prettie lassie ; and for a woman

She courts in handsome words, and now and then  
 A polite phrase, and such a feeling appetite,  
 That having not a heart of flint or steel,  
 As mine's an easier temper, — I consented  
 To give her, in the way of almes, a night  
 Or so : — You guesse the meaning. *Tyn.* Too too well.  
 And must her lust break into open flames,  
 To lend the world a light to view her shames ?  
 Could not she taste her Page ? or secretly  
 Admit a tough back'd Groom into her arms ?  
 Or practice with her Doctour, and take physick  
 In a close room ? But thus, good heavens, to take  
 Her stallions up i' th' streets ! While sin is modest,  
 It may be healed ; but if it once grow impudent,  
 The fester spreads above all hopes of cure.  
 I never could observe so strange a boldnesse  
 In my Evadne. I have seen her cheeks  
 Blush as if Modestie her self had there  
 Layn in a bed of corall. — But how soon  
 Is vertue lost in women ! *Ball.* Mistake us not,  
 Deare Tyndarus : Evadne may be chaste  
 To all the world — but him. And as for him,  
 Diana's self, or any stricter Goddesse  
 Would loose the Virgin-zone. I have instill'd  
 Magnetick force into him, that attracts  
 Their iron hearts, and fashions them like steel  
 Upon the anvile to what shape he please.  
 He knows the minute, the precise one minute,  
 No woman can hold out in. Come to me, Sir,  
 I'll teach you in one fortnight by Astrologie  
 To make each Burgesse in all Thebes. — your cuckold.  
*Asot.* As silly lambes do fill the wolves black jaw,  
 And fearfull harts the generous lions paw,  
 As whales eat lesser fries ; so may you see  
 The matrones, maids and widows stoup to me.  
*Tyn.* O do not hold me longer in suspense :

The prisoner at the barre may with lesse fear  
Hear the sad sentence of his death pronounc'd,  
Then stand the doubtfull triall. Pray confirm me.

*Asot.* Know you this Jewel? *Tyn.* O my sad heart-strings

*Asot.* If your Evadne be a Phœnix, Tyndarus, (crack!  
Some ten moneths hence you may have more o' th' breed.

*Tyn.* This did I give her, and she vow'd to keep it  
By all the oathes religion knew. No Deitie  
In all the court of heaven but highly suffers  
In this one perjurie. The diamond  
Keeps his chaste lustre still, when she has foil'd  
A glorie of more worth then all those royes  
Proud folly gave such price to. *Asot.* This? a pretty toy;  
But of no value to my other trophies  
That the frail tribe has sent me. Your best jewels  
Are to be found, Sir, in the weaker vessels;  
And that's a mysterie. I have sweat out such  
Varietie of trifles, their severall kinds  
Would pose a learned lapidary: my closet,  
By some that knew me not for Cupids favourite,  
Has been mistaken for a Jewellers shop.

*Ball.* And then for ribbands, points, for knots, & shoe-  
Or, to slip higher, garters, no Exchange (strings  
Affords such choice of wares. *Asot.* Phœbus, whip  
Thy lazy team, run headlong to the West,  
I long to taste the banquet of the night.  
Sir, if you please, when I am surfered,  
To take a pretty breakfast of my leavings—

*Tyn.* Where art thou, patience? Hence contagious mist  
That would infect the aire of her pure fame:  
My sword shall purge you forth, base droffe of men,  
From her refined metall. *Asot.* Bless me, Tutour!  
This is not the precise minute. *Tyn.* Why should-I  
Afflict my self for her? No, let her vanish.  
Shall I retain my love, when she has lost  
The treasure of her vertue? Stay, perchance



Her innocence may be wronged. Said I, perchance?  
 That doubt will call a curse upon my head  
 To plague my unbelief. ——— But here 's a witness  
 Of too-too certain truth stands up against her.  
 Me thinks the flame that burnt so bright dies in me.  
 I am no more a captive, I have shak'd  
 My fetters off, and broke those gyves of steel  
 That bound me to my thralldome. ——— My fair prison,  
 Adieu. ——— How sweetly breathes this open aire!  
 My feet, grown wanton with their libertie,  
 Could dance and caper till I knockt at heaven  
 With my advanced head. Come, deare Asotus,  
 There are no pleasures but they shall be ours.  
 We will dispeople all the elements  
 To please our palates. Midnight shall behold  
 Our nightly cups, and wear a blacker mask,  
 As envious of our jollities. The whole sex  
 Of women shall be ours: Merchants shall profer  
 Their tender brides. Mothers shall run and fetch  
 Their daughters ( ere they yet be ripe ) to satisfie  
 Our liquourish lusts. Then Tyndarus happy call,  
 That losing one fair maid has purchas'd all.

*Asot.* You have an admirable method, Tutour:  
 If this fellow has not been i' my heart, I'll be hang'd.  
 He speaks my mind so pat. Ha, boon couragio——

*Ball.* You see what more then miracles art can do.

*Tyn.* And when we have runne o're the catalogue  
 Of former pleasures, thou, and I, and Ballio  
 Will sit and studie new ones. I will raise  
 A sect of new and rare Philosophers,  
 Shall from my name be call'd Tyndarides.

*Asot.* And I will raise another sect like these,  
 That shall from me be call'd——Asotides.  
 Tutour, my fellow Pupill here and I  
 Must quaff a bowl of rare Philosophie  
 To pledge the health of his Tyndarides.

*Tyn.* Come, blest restorer of my libertie.

*Afor.* If any friend of yours want libertie  
In such a kind as this, you may command me.  
For if the brave Tyndarides be not free,  
Th' Aforides shall grant them libertie.

*Tyn.* We will be frolick, boy; and ere we part,  
Remember thee, thou mighty man of art.

*Exeunt Tyndar. & Afor.*

SCEN. III.

*Ballio, Techmessa.*

*Ball.* **T**Here is besides revenge a kind of sweetnesse  
In acting mischief. I could hug my head,  
And kisse the brain that hatches such deare rogueries,  
Such loving loving rogueries.—Silly Pamphilus,  
With thine own sword I'll kill thee, and then trample  
On thy poore foolish carcase. Techmessa here?  
Then Fortune wait on my designs, and crown 'em  
With a successe as high as they deserve.

*Tech.* Me thinks sometimes I view my Pamphilus  
Cloth'd Angel-like in white and spotlesse robes;  
And straight upon a sudden my chang'd fanfie  
Presents him black and horrid, all a stain,  
More lothsome then a leper. *Ball.* And that fanfie  
Presents him in his likenesse. All the sinks  
And common shores in Thebes are cleanly to him.

*Tech.* Peace, thou foul tongue. *Ball.* Nay, if you be so  
I have no womanish itch to prate.—Farewell. (squeamish,

*Tech* Nay, do not leave me unresolv'd, good Ballio.

*Ball.* Why, I did set you out in more vile colours,  
Then ever cunning pencill us'd to limbe  
Witch, hag, or furie with. *Tech.* Thou couldst not do't,  
And live. *Ball.* I am no ghost, flesh and bloud still.  
I said you had a pretty head of hair,  
And such as might do service to the State,

Made

Made into halters : that you had a brow  
Hung o're your eyes like flie-flaps : that your eyes  
Were like two powdring-tubs, either runing o're,  
Or full of standing brine : your cheeks were sunk  
So low and hollow they might serve the boyes  
For cherry-pits.——*Tech.* Could Pamphilus heare all this,  
And not his bloud turn choler ? *Ball.* This ? and more.  
I said your nose was like a hunters horn,  
And stood so bending up, a man might hang  
His hat upon't : that I mistook the yeare,  
And alwayes though it Winter, when I saw  
Two icicles at your nostrils. *Tech.* Have I lost  
All woman, that I can with patience heare  
My self thus injur'd ? *Ball.* I could beat my self  
For speaking it; but 't was to sound him, Madame.  
I said you had no neck : your chin and shoulders  
Were so good friends, they would ha' nothing part 'em :  
I vow'd your breasts for colour and proportion  
Were like a writheld pair of 'oreworn footballs.  
Your waste was slender, but th' ambitious buttock  
Climbes up so high about, who sees you naked  
Might swear you had been born with a vardingal.

*Tech.* I am e'n frighted with thy strange description.

*Ball.* I left, aham'd and weary : he goes on,  
There be more chops and wrinkles in her lips,  
Then on the earth in heat of Dog-dayes : and her teeth  
Look like an old park-pale : She has a tongue  
Would make the deaf man bleffe his imperfection,  
That frees him from the plague of so much noise :  
And such a breath ( heaven shield us ! ) as out-vies  
The shambles and bear-garden for a sent.

*Tech.* Was ever such a furie ? *Ball.* For your shoulders,  
He thinks they were ordain'd to underprop  
Some beam o'th' Temple ; and that's all the use  
Religion can make of you : Then your feet,  
( For I am loth to give the full description )

He vows they both are cloven. *Tech.* Had all malice  
Dwelt in one tongue, it could not scandal more.  
Is this the man adores me as his saint?

And payes his morning orisons at my window  
Duly as at the Temple? Is there such hypocrisie  
In loves religion too? Are Venus doves  
But white dissemblers? Is this that Pamphilus  
That shakes and trembles at a frown of mine,  
More then at thunder? I must have more argument  
Of his apostasie, or suspect you false.

*Ball.* Whose sword is this? *Tech.* 'T is his. And this I tied  
About the hilt, and heard him swear to fight  
Under those colours, the most faithfull souldier  
The fields of Mars or tents of Cupid knew.  
False men, resigne your arms. Let us go forth  
Like bands of Amazons: for your valours be  
Not upright fortitude, but treacherie.

*Ball.* I urg'd him in a language of that boldnesse,  
As wou'd have fir'd the chillest veins in Thebes,  
To stand in your defense, or else resigne  
The fruitlesse steel he wore. He bid me take it.  
He had not so much of Knight errant in him,  
To vow himself champion to such a doxie.

*Tech.* Then Love, I shoot thy arrows back again,  
Return 'em to thy quiver, guide thy arm  
To wound a breast will say the dart is welcome,  
And kisse the golden pile. I am possesst  
With a just anger. Pamphilus shall know  
My scorn as high as his. *Ball.* Bravely resolv'd.  
Mad me, report not me to Pamphilus  
Authour of this: for valour should not talk,  
And fortitude would lose it self in words.

*Tech.* I need no other witnesse then his sword.

SCEN.

## SCEN. IV.

*Ballio, Afotus, Tyndarus, Techmessa.*

*Tyn.* **T**echmessa? never did I understand  
The sweets of life till now. I will pronounce  
This for my birth-day. *Tech.* And this happy minute  
Has clear'd my soul too of the same disease.

*Afot.* Then do as Tyndarus did, and go with me;  
We 'll drink a pottle to Liberty, and another  
Pottle to th' Afotides, and a pottle to the Tyndarides, (des.  
And a fourth to the She-philosophers ycleped--Techmessa.

## SCEN. V.

*Ballio, Afotus, Tyndarus, Techmessa, Pamphilus.*

*Tyn.* **P**amphilus, welcome; Shake thy sorrows off:  
Why in this age of freedome dost thou sit  
A captiv'd wretch? I do not feel the weight  
Of clay about me. Am I not all aire?  
Or of some quicker element? I have purg'd out  
All that was earth about me, and walk now  
As free a soul as in the separation.

*Pam.* Brother, if any stream of joy can mix  
With such a sea of grief as mine, and lose not  
His native sweetnesse, 't is a joy for you.  
But I am all bitternesse. *Ball.* Now, Afotus,  
The Comedie begins. *Pam.* When will my sufferings  
Make my attonement with my angry goddess?  
Do you celestiaall forms retein an anger  
Eternall as your substance? *Tech.* O fine hair!  
An amorous brow, a pretty lovely eye,  
A most delicious cheek, a handsome nose?  
How nectar-sweet his lips are! and his teeth,  
Like two fair ivory pales, inclose a tongue  
Made up of harmonic. Then he has a chin  
So full of ravishing dimples, it were pitie

A beard should overgrow it: and his feet  
Past all expression comely.

*Pam.* Do not adde  
Contempt to cruelty. Madame, to insult  
Upon a prostrate wretch is harder tyrannie  
Then to have made him so. *Tech.* And then a shoulder  
Straight as the pine or cedar. *Pam.* Courteous death,  
Take wings; thou art too slow. *Tech.* I could not heare  
Those precious parts defam'd, but I durst fight  
In the just quarrel. *Tyn.* 'T is a touchy Tiger.  
How happy am I that I have scap'd the dennes  
Of these she-wolves! *Ball.* Now my safety lies  
Upon a ticklish point---a womans secrecie.  
Madame, my reputation is dear to me.

*Pam.* In what a maze I wander! how my sorrows  
Run in a labyrinth! *Tech.* I'll unriddle it.

*Ball.* St, St. The honour of a man at arms.

*Tech.* Then know, thou perjur'd Pamphilus, I have learn'd  
Neglect from thee. *Pam.* Madame, I am all love:  
And if the violence of my flame had met  
With any heart but marble, I had taught it  
Some spark of my affection. *Ball.* Now it heats.

*Tech.* No doubt the flame is violent, and must work  
Upon a breast so capable as mine.

*Afol.* I think Cupid be turn'd juggler. Here's nothing  
but Hocas pocas, Præsto be gone, Come again Jack; and  
such feats of activity.

*Tech.* But I must tell you, you are false and perjur'd,  
Or, what is more, a coward. Tell me, Sir, (To *Afol.*)  
(For I suppose you of a nobler soul)  
If you should heare your mistresse by rude tongues  
Wrong'd in the graces both of mind and beautie,  
Could you have suffered it? *Afol.* Madame, were you made  
From bones of Hercules and brawn of Atlas,  
And daughter were unto Gargantua great,  
And wrong my mistresse, you should heare my rage

Prove

Provoke my blade, and crie, Blade, canst thou sleep  
In peacefull scabbard? O thou beast of terrour,  
And Lion-like rore this disdainfull wight  
To Pluto's shades and ghosts of Erebus.

*Tech.* Yet you, my valiant champion could resigne  
This (if you know it) rather then endure  
The terrour of your own steel to redeem

My bleeding honours. *Pam.* How am I betray'd,  
And fall'n into the toyls of treacherie!

Give me a man bold as that earth-born race  
That bid Jove battel, and besieg'd the gods;  
And if I make him not creep like a worm  
Upon his belly, and with reverence

Lick up the dust you scatter from your shoe,

May I for ever lose the light I live in, *(sum.*

The fight of you. *Tech.* I'll try your spirits: *Phrone-* *(Intrat*

*Tyn.* That blood of goats should soften Adamant! *Phronef.*

And poore weak woman with an idle face

Should make the souldier to forget his valour,

And man his sex!

*& exit  
rursus, &  
statim in-  
trat cum gladio.*

*Enter Phronefium.*

# SCEN. VI.

*Ballio, Tyndarus, Asotus, Techmessa, Pamphilus,*

*Phronefium.*

*Tech.* **H**ere's a champion for you.

*Phron.* Come, Sir, this sword be yours, and  
if you dare

Maintein the lists against me, as I fear

Your blood is whey by this time, by your valour

You may redeem your honour and your sword.

*Asot.* This is another Hercules come from the distaff.

*Phron.* If not, I do proclaim thee here no Knight,

But mean to post thee up for a vile varlet,

And the disgrace of chivalry. *Pam.* O my shame!

*Asot.*

*Afot.* A dainty Lady errant. *Ball.* A fine piece  
Of female fortitude. *Phron.* If this stirre thee not,  
Thy mistresse is the blemish of her sex,  
A dirty filthy hufwife. *Pam.* Would it were not  
Dishonour now to kill thee ! *Phron.* If your valour  
Lie in your back-parts , I will make experience  
Whether a kick will raise it. Pray go fetch him  
Some *aqua vite*: for the thought of steel  
Has put him in a swoond : nothing revive you ?  
Then will I keep thy sword and hang it up  
Amongst my busk-points, pins, and curling-irons,  
Bodkins, and vardingals, a perpetuall trophy *Exit Phron.*  
How brave a Knight you are. *Pam.* Where shall I run  
And find a desert, that the foot of man  
Ne'r wandred in, to hide from the world 's eyes  
My shame? S' death, every Page, and sweaty Footman  
And sopie Chambermaid will point and laugh at me.  
*Tyn.* I joy to think that I shall meet Evadne  
Turn'd on the sudden Moor. How black and vile  
She will appear!

## SCEN. VII.

*Ballio, Tyndarus, Afotus, Techmessa, Pam-  
philus, Evadne.*

*Tyn.* O Heavens! who will not dare  
Henceforth to scorn your powers, and call sacrilege  
Merit and piety? I do not see  
A hair deform'd, no tooth or nail sustain  
The brand of her deserved shame. You punish  
The Queen of beauty with a mole; but certainly  
Her perjurie hath added to her form,  
And that the abused gods bribe her with beauty,  
As the wrack'd tenant strives to buy the favour  
Of his imperious Landlord. *Evad.* Gentle Tyndarus,

Load



Load not weak shoulders with too great a burden.

*Tyn.* O lust ! on what bright altars blaze thy flames,  
While chastity lets her cold fires glow out  
In deform'd temples, and on ruin'd altars !  
Tempt me not, strumpet, you that have your hirelings,  
And can with jewels, rings and other toys,  
Purchase your journeymen-lechers. *Evad.* My chaste eare  
Has been a stranger to such words as these,  
I have not sinne enough to understand 'em,  
And wonder where my Tyndarus learn'd that language.

*Tyn.* I am turn'd eagle now, and have an eye  
Dares boldly gaze on that adulterate sunne.  
I must be short, who must this ring direct  
Into your guilty sheets ? *Evad.* I do not know  
How I should lose that pledge of my Lords love:  
But 't is not in the power of any thief  
To steal away the heart I have vowed yours:  
And would to all the gods I had kept it there !

*Afot.* Come, blush not, bashfull belly-piece.— I will  
I ever keep my word with a fair Lady. (meet thee:  
I will requite that jewel with a richer.  
The glorious heavens array'd in all their starres  
Shall not outshine thee. Be not, girl, asham'd.  
These are acquainted with it, I would vex 'em  
To night with the remembrance of those sports  
We shall enjoy: then pleasures double rise,  
When both we feed, and they shall Tantalize.

*Evad.* It is not manly in you, Sir, to ruine  
A virgins fame, with hazard of your own.

*Afot.* Tut, lasse, no matter, we 'll be manly anon.

*Tyn.* A fine dissembler ! ha ! what tumult 's here?

—Enter Pegnium and officers.

SCEN.

## SCEN. VIII.

*Ballio, Tyndarus, Asotus, Techmessa, Evadne,  
Pamphilus, Pagnium, and officers.*

*Pag.* **T**Hat's he, I charge you apprehend the villain.  
1. *Offic.* Villain, we reprehend thee. *Ball.* Slaves, for what?  
2. *Offic.* For an arrant cutpurse: you stole away this little  
Gentlemans sword; and being done by chance-medley,  
't is flat felonie by statute.

*Pam.* I thank thee, Innocence. Though earth disclaim  
Thy title, heaven denies thee not protection.

*Pag.* Confesse, or I will have thee instantly  
Hang'd for a signe on thine own post. *Ball.* Well, villany,  
Thou wilt not thrive. Sir, for 't was you I wrong'd,  
I do confesse the sword by which I rais'd  
So strange a scandal on you, was by me  
Stol'n from your Page, as he delivered letters  
From you to your Techmessa; and the plot  
Was fashion'd by her mother, though ill fortune  
Made me th' unlucky instrument. *Asot.* Cursed Tutor,  
Thou hast read nothing to me worth the learning,  
But the high-way to th' gallows. There shall we  
Hang up like vermine. Little did I think  
To make the women weep and sob to see  
Th' untimely end of two such proper men.  
This mouth was never made to stand awry,  
And sure my neck was long enough before.  
Lady, upon my humbled knees I beg  
Pardon for faults committed. I acknowledge  
That striving with felonious intent  
To steal a kisse or two from your sweet lips,  
From your sweet eare I stole a ring away.

*Pag.* For which your sweet neck must endure the halter.

*Tym.* I am again thy servant, mighty love!

O my Evadne, how shall I appear

So bold as but to plead in mine own cause?

It is so foul that none can seal my pardon,  
 But you that should condemn me. *Evad.* Sir, you know  
 The power I have is yours: be your own judge,  
 And seal your pardon here. *Tyn.* 'T is double life  
 Granted by such a seal. *Tech.* What punishment  
 Shall we inflict on these? *Asot.* Gentle Lady,  
 E'n what you please——but hanging;——that's a death  
 My enemies will hit me in the teeth with.  
 Besides, it makes a man look like a cat  
 When she cries mew. *Ball.* I'll bark and bite awhile  
 Before the dogs death choke me. *Asot.* Pray dismiss  
 This pack of hounds: and since we both are guilty,  
 Let us bestow on one anothers shoulders  
 The good and wholesome counsel of a cudgel.

*Pag.* Pray let me intercede. *Asot.* Thanks pretty little  
 Gentleman.

*Tyn.* Officers, you are discharged. *Asot.* Are the mad  
 dogs gone? *Exeunt officers.*

Come Tutour, I must reade a while to you  
 Under correction.——Not so hard, good Tutour.

*Tyn.* Enough. *Asot.* Nay, one bout I beseech you more  
 To make up satisfaction. *Ball.* Well, for this  
 I'll have one engine more; my bad intents  
 Mend not, but gather strength by punishments.

*Tyn.* Your satisfaction now is full and ample.

*Asot.* Nay we must have the health i' th' crab-tree cup too.  
 One to th' Tyndarides, another to th' Alcorides,  
 And one, my deare instructour, to the Techmessides.

*Pam.* Nay, now your penance doth exceed your crime.

*Asot.* Say you so? nay, then here 's a health to the Pam-  
 philides too;

And, for his noble sake to the Evadnides,  
 And all Philosophie sects whate'r they be.

*Evad.* Your justice to your selves is too severe.

*Asot.* Then I ha' done: farewell, and hearty thanks.  
 But, Tutour, stay, this little Gentleman

Has

Has been forgot: — Pray, Sir, what may I call you?

*Pag.* My name is Pagnium. — *Asot.* I were most unthankfull

To passe o're you. — To the Pagniades, Tutour:  
You have brought us to a fair passe, Tutour. *Ball.* Tush,  
'Twas but to exercise your passive valour.

*Asot.* Your passive valour? give me your active valour:  
I do not like your black and blue valour,  
When bones shall ake with magnanimitie.

*Exeunt Asot. Ball. Pag.*

### SCEN. IX.

*Tyndarus, Pamphilus, Evadne, Techmessa.*

*Tyn.* **B** Rother, I find my soul a troubled sea  
Whose billows are not fully quieted,  
Although the storm be over. Therefore, Pamphilus,  
By the same wombe that bred us, and the breasts  
Of our dead mother Lalage, I conjure thee,  
With all the charms that love can teach thee,  
Assault Evadne's faith: if thou report her  
Constant, I end my jealousy: if frail,  
The torrent of my love shall bend his course  
To finde some other chanel. *Pam.* By that love  
That made us twins, though born at severall births,  
That grew along with us in height and strength,  
I will be true. Farewell. *Tyn.* Be sudden, Pamphilus. *Ex. Tyn.*

*Evad.* Me thinks this should confirm you. *Tech.* That he  
was not

Guilty of this, acquits him not of all:  
To prove a man free from an act of theft,  
Assails him not of murder. No, no, sister;  
Tempt him with kisses, and what other dalliance  
Craft and indulgent nature hath taught woman  
To raise hot youth to appetite; if he yield not,  
I will put off distrust. I do not know

Whom

Whom I durst trust but you, *Evad.* Though mine own love  
 Find me enough of businesse, yet in hope  
 That you will second me in my occasions  
 I undertake the task. *Tech.* Take heed, *Evadne*,  
 Lest, while you counterfeit a flame, you kindle  
 A reall fire. — I dare not be too confident.  
 Hence will I closely pry into their actions,  
 And overheare their language ; for if my sister  
 See with my eyes she cannot choose but love him  
 In the same height with me.

SCEN. X.

*Pamphilus, Evadne, Techmessain insidiis.*

*Pam.* IT grieves me that a Lady of your worth,  
 Young, soft, and active as the spring, the starre  
 And glory of our nation, should be prodigall  
 Of your affections, and misplace your love  
 On a regardlesse boy. *Evad.* Sir, the same pitie  
 I must return on you. Were I a man  
 Whom all the Ladies might grow rivals for,  
 (As lesse you cannot be ) I would not lose  
 My service to a Mistresse of so coy  
 And proud an humour : — True, she is my sister ;  
 But the same womb produces severall natures.  
 I should have entertein'd so great a blessing  
 With greater thankfulnesse. *Pam.* That my starres should be  
 So crosse unto my happinesse ! *Evad.* And my fate  
 So cruel to me ! *Pam.* Sweet, it is in us  
 To turn the wheel of Fortune ; she's a goddesse  
 That has no deitie where discretion reignes.  
*Evad.* But shall I wrong my sister ? *Pam.* Do not I  
 Give just exchange, and lose a brother for her ?  
 Our sufferings have been equall, and their prides.  
 They must be equall necks that can draw even  
 In the same yoke, *Evad.* I have observ'd, the chariot

Of the great Cyprian Queen links not together  
The dove with sparrows ; but the turtle joyns  
With turtles, and the sparrow has his mate.

*Pam.* See if one softnesse kisse not in our lips.

*Evad.* One lip not meets the other with more sympathy  
Then yours met mine. *I'am.* Let's make the second triall.

## SCEN. XI.

*Techmessa, Pamphilus, Evadne.*

*Tech.* I Can endure no longer, ——— Gentle sister.

*Evad.* I cannot blame your jealousie : for I find —

*Tech.* Too much of sweetnesse in his amorous lips.  
There is no tie in nature ; faith in bloud  
Is but a thing that should be. Brothers, sisters,  
Fathers, and mothers, are but specious names  
Of love and duty : you and I have been  
But guests in the same womb, that at first meeting  
Change kind and friendly language, and next morning  
Fall out before they part, or at least ride  
Contrarie rodes. *Evad.* Will you then misconstrue  
The service I perform'd at your request ?

*Tech.* Henceforth I'll set the Kite to keep my chickens,  
And make the Wolf my shepherd.

## SCEN. XII.

*Evadne, Techmessa, Pamphilus, Tyndarus.*

*Tyn.* **P**Amphilus, how is't? *Pam.* I know not how to answer thee.

She met me with more courtship then I tender'd.

*Tech.* Sir, we are both abus'd, and the same womb  
That gave us life was fruitfull to our ruine.

Your traitour wears the mask call'd Brother: mine  
As cunning a disguise, the name of Sister.

These eyes are witnesse, that descried 'em kissing

Closet

this  
all.

Cloſer then cockles, and in luſtfull twines  
Outbid the jvy, or the circling arms  
Of winding vines. Their hot embraces met  
So neare, and folded in ſo cloſe a knot,  
As if they would incorporate, and grow one.

*Tyn.* Then farewell all reſpect of bloud and friendſhip:  
I do pronounce thee ſtranger. If there can be  
Valour in treacherie, put thy truſt in ſteel  
As I do, not in brothers ——— Draw, or die.

*Pam.* Brother. *Tyn.* I hate the name: it is a word  
Whers my juſt anger to a ſharper edge.

*Pam.* Heare me. *Tyn.* I will no pleading but the ſword.  
Wert thou protected by Apollo's temple,  
Or hadſt the altar for ſecuritie,  
Religion ſhould not bind me from thy death.  
Couldſt thou retreat into my mothers womb,  
There my revenge ſhould find thee. I am ſudden,  
And talk is tedious. *Pam.* Bear me witneſſe, heaven,  
This action is unwilling.

## SCEN. XIII.

*Pamphilus, Tyndarus, Techmeſſa, Evadne,  
Chremylus, Diſſas.*

*Chrem.* **P**Ut up for ſhame thoſe rude unhallowed blades,  
And let not raſh opinion of a valour  
Perſwade you to be Parricides. Pray remember  
You thirſt but your own bloud. He that o'recomes,  
Loſes the one half of himſelf. *Tyn.* Dear Chremylus,  
The reverence to your age hath tied my hands:  
But were my threed of life meaſur'd by his,  
I'd cut it off, though we both fell together;  
That my incenſed ſoul might follow his,  
And to eternity proſecute my revenge.

*Pam.* Brother, at your intreaty I adventured  
To court Evadne; and, becauſe I found her

D 2

Against


Against my mind, too easie to my suit,  
 Your rage falls heavie on me. *Tech.* On my knees  
 I beg, dear father, cloyster me in darknesse,  
 Or send me to the desert to converse  
 With nothing but a wilder nesse, or expose me  
 To the cold mercy of the wind and wave,  
 So you will free me from the companie  
 Of a false sister. *Evad.* Sir, with much perswasion  
 She wrought on me to personate a love  
 To Pamphilus, to find if I could stagger  
 The faith he vow'd to her. This have I done,  
 And this so much hath mov'd her. *Chrem.* Here you see  
 The fruits of rashnesse. Do you find your error?  
 But the foul spring, from whence these bitter streams  
 Had their first head, I fear, is from you, *Dipsas.*

*Dip.* I will no more denie it: I have sown  
 Those seeds of doubt, wishing to see diffension  
 Ripe for the sickle. — For what cause, I now  
 Forbear to speak — But henceforth I will strive  
 To clear those jealousies, and conclude their loves  
 In a blest nuptiall. *Tyn.* O how frail is man!  
 One Sunny day the exhalation rears  
 Into a cloud; at night it falls in tears.

Exeunt.

## ACT. III. SCEN. I.

*Dipsas, Tyndarus.*

*Tyn.*  F it be not immodestie to demand  
 So bold a question, I would be resolv'd  
 Of one doubt yet. *Dip.* Speak boldly  
 by all holinesse  
 My answer shall be true. *Tyn.* When you  
 were young,

And lively appetite revelled in your blood,  
 Did you not find rebellion in your veins?

Did



Did not the same embraces tedious grow,  
And cause a longing in your thoughts to taste  
Varieties of men? *Dip.* I blush, I cannot answer  
With a deniall; not a proper Gentleman  
But forc'd my goatish eye to follow him:  
And, when I had survey'd his parts, I would  
With any losse of honour, wealth, and friendship,  
Have bought him to my bed: and truly, Sir,  
'T was cheap at any rate. *Tyn.* Steel'd impudence!  
What fruit can I expect the bough should bear  
That grows from such a stock? *Dip.* I had of late  
A moneths mind, Sir, to you: Y'ave the right make  
To please a Lady. *Tyn.* Sure this old piece of lust,  
When she is dead, will make her grave a brothell,  
And tempt worms to adulterate her carcassee.

*Dip.* And that's the reason I have cross'd my daughter  
To further mine own love. Pitie me, Sir;  
For though the fewel's spent, there is a spark  
Rak'd up i' th' embers. — But I now desist.  
Please you to go to Ballio's house, my daughter  
Shall meet you there: — I hope that out of dutie  
She will not grudge her mother a good turn  
When she is married — now & then. *Tyn.* Is there no house  
To meet at but this Ballio's? Is Evadne  
Acquainted there? is that the rendezvous  
Of her hot meetings? — yet I still suspect  
This womans malice to her-child not lost.  
I will bestow some time, and go to see  
The strange event of this dark myserie.

*Exit Tyndarus.*

SCEN. II.

*Dipsas, Ballio.*

*Dip.* **B** Allio. *Ball.* Madame. *Dip.* See your house be stor'd  
With the deboisest Roarers in the citie:

Let every room be fill'd with noise and quarrelling,  
 For Tyndarus is to meet Evadne there.  
 You guesse the rest ; if not, this purse of gold  
 Better inform you.

*Exit Dip/as.*

*Ball.* Most celestiall Lady.  
 Though I have practiced villanie from my cradle,  
 And from my dug suckt mischief more then milk,  
 This furie still out-does me. — I am vext,  
 Vext to the heart, to see a silly woman  
 Carry more devils in her then my self.  
 And yet I love thee, — thou she-rogue, I love thee.  
 Had I but such a wife, what a fine brood  
 Of toads could I beget !

### SCEN. III.

*Ballio, Simo.*

*Ball.* **H**ere comes my mole,  
 The sonne of earth, that digs his mothers entrails  
 To turn up treasure for his boy and me ;  
 That with industrious eyes searches to hell  
 To buy us heaven on earth. Welcome, welcome,  
 Thou age of gold : how do the bags at home ?  
 Are all the chests in health ? thrives the purse still ?  
 And sayes it to the talents, Multiply ?

*Sim.* Thanks to my providence, like a swarm. Wealth falls  
 Not in small drops upon me, ( as at first )  
 But like a torrent overthrows the bank,  
 As it would threat a deluge. Were it not pitie  
 My boy should not invent sluces enow  
 To drain the copious stream ? *Ball.* A thousand pities  
 That you should lose the fruits of so much care.

*Sim.* True, *Ballio*, true. *Ball.* Trust me, what art can do  
 Shall not be wanting. *Sim.* I'll not be ungratefull.  
 It lies in you to turn these silver hairs  
 To a fresh black again, and by one favour

*Cut*

Cut fourtie years away from the gray summe.

*Ball.* I had rather cut off all, & be our own carvers. — *Aside*  
Sir, if I had Medea's charms to boyl

*as.* An aged ramme in some inchaunted caldron  
Till he start up a lambe, I would recall  
Your youth, and make you like the aged snake  
Cast off this wrinkled skin, and skip up fresh  
As at fifteen. *Sim.* All this you may and more.  
If you will place me where I may unseen  
Make my eye witnesse of my sonnes delight,  
I shall enjoy the pleasures by beholding 'em.

*Ball.* True, Sir, you know he 's but your second self,  
The same you might have been at one and twenty :  
The blisse is boths alike. *Sim.* Most philosophicall !

*Ball.* Place your self there. *Sim.* I ha' no words but these  
To thank you with. *Ball.* This is true Rhetorick.

### SCEN. IIII.

*Asotus, Ballio, Bomolochus, Cherilus, Thrasymachus,  
Hyperbolus, Simo in angulis.*

*Asot.* **C**OME forth, my Rascalls : Let the thriving Lord  
Confine his family unto half a man  
Yclep'd a — Page. Our honour be attended  
With men of arts and arms. Captains and Poets  
Shall with the Bilbo blade and Gray goose quill  
Grace our retinue. — And, when we grow surly,  
Valour and wit fall prostrate at our frown ;  
Crouch imps of Mars, and frogs of Helicon.

*Sim.* How they adore him ! and the perilous wagge  
Becomes his state : To see what wealth can do,  
To those that have the blessing how to spend it !

*Ball.* Your blessing was the wealth : the art of spending  
He had from me. *Sim.* Once more I give thee thanks.

*Thras.* Who dares offend thee, Lord of fortitude,  
And not pay homage to thy potent toe,

D 4

Shall

Shall be a morsel for the dogs. *Asot.* Stoutly deliver'd,  
My brave Thrasymachus — Thou for this shalt feed.  
I will not suffer valour to grow lean,  
And march like famine. I have seen an armie  
Of such a meagre troupe, such thin-chapt starvelings,  
Their barking stomachs hardly could refrain  
From swallowing up the foe, e're they had slain him.

*Hyper.* If thou command our service, we will die  
Dull earth with crimson, till the tears of orphans,  
Widows, and mothers wash it white again :  
Wee'l strow thy walks with legs, and arms, and thighs,  
And pay thee tribute thousand heads a day,  
Fresh bleeding from the trunk : and panting hearts  
Not dead shall leap in thy victorious paw.

*Asot.* Then say thou too to Hunger — Friend, adieu !  
Ballio, condemne a bagge; let trash away,  
See 'em both arm'd in scarlet cap-a-pe.  
Strike top-sail, men of warre. *Ball.* We must divide :  
We that serve great men have no other shifts  
To thrive our selves, but gelding our Lords gifts.

*Sim.* Now I am rich indeed: this is true treasure.

*Asot.* Ha ! has Melpomene ta'ne cold of late,  
That you are silent, my Parnassian beagles ?  
Is Clio dumbe? or has Apollo's Jews-trump  
By sad disaster lost her melodious tongue ?

*Char.* Your praise all tongues desire to speak : but some,  
Nay all, I fear, for want of art grow dumbe.  
The harp of Orpheus blushes for to sing,  
And sweet Amphions voice hath crackt a string.

*Asot.* A witty solecisme; reward the error! harp and sing,  
voice and string.

*Bom.* Give me a breath of thunder; let me speak  
Sonorous accents, till their clamours break  
Rocks with the noise obstreperous. I will warble  
Such bounfing notes shall cleave obdurate marble  
Upon mount Caucasus heavens-knocking head ;

Boreas

Boreas shall blow my trumpet, till I spread  
Thy fame, grand Patron of the thrice three sisters,  
Till envies eares shall heare it and have blisters.

*Asot.* Orare close! a high sublime conceit!  
For this I 'll sheath thee in a new sarge scabbard,  
Blade of the fount Pegasean. *Sim.* What an honour  
Will our bloud come to! — I have satisfied  
For all the Orphanes, Widows, and what others  
My sacred hunger hath devour'd. *Asot.* Ballio,  
Blesse him with twenty drachmes——yet forbear:  
Money may spoil his Poetry. Give 's some wine,  
Here is a whetstone both for wit and valour.  
A health to all my beards-men of the sword.

*Thr. Hyp.* This will engage the men of arms to fight.

*Asot.* This to the Muses, and their threed-bare tribe.

*Char. Bom.* Thou dost engage the learned troupes to write.

*Asot.* Go sonnes of Mars with young Apollo's brood,  
And usher in my Venus: wine hath warm'd  
My bloud, and wak'd it to an itch of sporting. *Exeunt Bom.*

*Bal.* Some twenty ages hence 't will be a question  
(more: *Hyp. Char. Thr.* for to fetch in

Which of the two the world will reverence *Phr. Asotus the* while is putting  
You for a thriving father, or Asotus *on his armour.*

So liberall a sonne. *Sim.* Good, Ballio, good:  
But which will they preferre? *Bal.* They cannot, Sir,  
But must admire your fist, which grip'd so much  
That made his hand so open. *Sim.* Gracious starres,  
How blest shall I be twenty ages hence!  
Some twenty ages hence! *Bal.* You shall be call'd  
A doting Cockscomb twenty ages hence.

SCENE

## SCEN. V.

*Charilus, Bomolochus, before personating two Mercuries,  
Phryne in an antique robe and coronet, guarded in  
by Hyperbolus and Thrasymachus.*

*Asot.* **H**OW bright and glorious are the beams my starre  
Darts from her eye! Lead up my Queen of beauty,

But in a softer march, sound a retreat:

Lead on again, I'll meet her in that stare

The God of warre puts on when he salutes

The Cyprian Queens:— These that were once the postures  
Of horrid battels, are become the muster

Of love and beauty. Say, sweet brace of Mercuries,

Is she th' Olympick—or the Paphian goddesse?

*Ball.* Where are you Sir, where are you? *Sim.* In Elysium,  
in Elysium.

*Char.* This is no goddesse of th'— Olympick hall.

*Bom.* Nor may you her of Neptunes issue call.

*Char.* For she nor Siren is nor Amphitrite.

*Bom.* Nor wood-nymph that in forrest takes delight.

*Char.* Nor is she Muse. *Bom.* Nor Grace. *Char.* Nor is  
she one of these

That haunt the springs, the beauteous Naiades.

*Bom.* Nor Flora, Lady of the field, is she,

*Char.* Nor bright Pomona, th' Orchards deity.

*Bom.* No, she is none of these. *Char.* Oh then prepare

To heare her blessed name. *Both.* 'T is Phryne fair.

*Asot.* Phryne the fair? Oh peace! if this be she,

Go forth, and sing the world a lullabie.

For thy dear sake in whom is all delight,

I will no more the trembling nations fright

With bellowing drummes and grones of slaughter'd men.

My father brings the golden age agen.

*Phryn.* Pardon me, dreadfull Deity of warre,

'T was love of you that forc'd me from my sphere,

And made me leave my orb without her influence,

To

To meet you in the furie of the fight,  
Sweating with rage, and reeking in the blood  
Of wretches sacrific'd to the Stygian flood.

*Afol.* Come forth, thou horrid instrument of death.

*Bali.* Do you heare him, Sir? *Sim.* I, to my comfort, *Ballio.*

*Afol.* I will dispeople earth, and drown the world  
In crimson floods and purple deluges.

The old, the young, the weak, the lusty wight,  
Souldiers and scholars, fair and foul together,  
Men, women, children, infants, all shall die,  
I will have none survive that shall have left  
Above one eye, three quarters of a face,  
And half a nose. I will carve legs and arms,  
As at a feast. Henceforth to all posterity  
Mankind shall walk on crutches. *Phryn.* Cruel Mars!  
Let the conjunction of my milder starre  
Temper the too malignant force of thine.

The drumme, the fife, and trumpet shall be turn'd  
To lutes and citherns. We will drink in helmets,  
And cause the souldier turn his blade to knives,  
To conquer capons and the stubble goose:  
No weapons in the age to come be known,  
But sword of Bacon, and the shield of Brawn.  
Deigne me a kisse, great Warriour. *Afol.* Hogheads of Nectar  
Are treasur'd in the warehouse of her lips.

That kisse hath ransom'd thousands from the grave.  
*Phryn.* Let me redeem more thousands with a second.

*Afol.* Rage melts away. I pardon half the world.

*Phryn.* O let me kisse away all rigour from thee.

*Afol.* Live, mortalls, live. Death has no more to do.  
And yet me thinks a little rigour 's left.

*Phryn.* Thus shall it vanish. *Afol.* Vanish, rigour, vanish.  
Harnesse the lions, make my chariot ready:

Venus and I will ride. *Phryn.* How? drawn by lions?

*Afol.* I, thou shalt kisse 'em till their rigour vanish  
(As mine has) into aire. I will have thee play

With

With Ounces, Tigers, and the Panthers whelp,  
 As with a Squirrel. Bears shall wait on thee,  
 And spotted Leopards shall thy Monkies be.  
 Sit down, my Queen, and let us quaff a bowl.  
 Seest thou, my Phryne, what a fair retinue  
 I have provided thee? These for thy defense  
 'Gainst any Lady rivals thee in beauty.  
 And these on all occasions shall vent forth  
 Swelling Encomiums. — Say, Bomolochus,  
 How sings my mistress?

*Bom.* The Grasshopper chaunts not his autumn quire  
 So sweet, nor Cricket by the chimney-fire.

*Asot.* They 'll make thee any thing. Thou art already  
 Cricket & Grasshopper. — Chærilus, how does she dance?

*Chor.* Have you beheld the little sable beast  
 Clad in an Ebon mantle, hight a flea,  
 Whose supple joynts so nimbly skip and caper  
 From hemme to sleeve, from sleeve to hemme again,  
 Dancing a measure o'r a Ladies smock,  
 With motion quick and courtly equipage?  
 So trips fair Phryne o'r the flowry stage.

*Asot.* Now thou art a flea. — How snorts she as she sleeps?

*Bom.* Zephyrus breathes not with a sweeter gale  
 Through a grove of sycamore. The soft spring  
 Chides not the pebbles that disturb his course  
 With sweeter murmur. Let Amphions lute  
 (That built our Thebane walls) be henceforth mute.  
 Orpheus shall break his harp, and silent be  
 The reed of Pan, the pipe of Mercurie:  
 Yea though the spheres be dumb, I care not for 't:  
 No musick such as her melodious snort.

*Asot.* Melodious snort! With what decorum spits she?

*Chor.* Like the sweet gummes that from Elestar trees  
 Distill, or hony of the labouring bees:  
 Like morning dew that in a pleasant showre  
 Drops pearls into the bosome of a flowre;  
 Cupid with acorn cups close by her sits,



To snatch away the Nectar that she spits.

*Afot.* Ballio, present me with the crowns of laurel.

Thus I drop wine the best of Helicon

On your learn'd heads, and crown you thus with bayes.

Rise Poets laureat both! Favour, Apollo!

*Both.* The Muses and Afotus be propitious!

*Afot.* I will not have you henceforth sneak to Taverns,

And peep like fiddlers into Gentlemens rooms,

To shank for wine and radishes; nor lie sentinell

At Ordinaries, nor take up at playes

Some novice for a supper: you shall deal

No more in ballads, to bewail an execution

In lamentable rhythmes: nor beg in Elegies:

Nor counterfeit a sicknesse to draw in

A contribution: nor work journey-work

Under some play-house post, that deals in

Wit by retail: nor shall you task your brains

To grace a Burgesse new post with a Rebus:

Or furnish a young suiter with an Anagramme

Upon his mistresse name: nor studie posies

For rings and bracelets.——Injure not the bough

Of Daphne: know that you are laureat now.

*Ball.* How like you this discourse? *Sim.* Excellent well.

It is a handsome lassie. If I were young

(As I am not decrepit) I would give

A talent for a kisse. *Phryn.* Come, beauteous Mars,

I'll kemb thy hair smooth as the ravens feather,

And weave those stubborn locks to amorous bracelets;

Then call a livelier red into thy face,

And soften with a kisse thy rugged lips.

I must not have this beard so rudely grow,

But with my needle I will set each hair

In decent order, as you rank your Squadrons.

*Afot.* Here's a full bowl to beauteous Phryne's health.

What durst thou do, Thrasymachus, to the man

That should denie it? *Thras.* Dissect him into atomes.

*Hyper.*

*Hyper.* I durst do more for beauteous Phryne's sake.

*Thras.* What, more then I? Hyperbolus, thou art mortall.

*Hyper.* Yield, or I see a breakfast for the crows.

*Thras.* Death to my lungs, I spit upon thy fame.

*Hyper.* Then with my steel I whip the rash contempt.

*Asot.* Brawling, you mastives?—Keep the peace at home,  
And joyn your forces 'gainst the common foe.

*Phryn.* You sha' not be angry: by this kisse you sha' not.

*Asot.* I will, unlesse you swear again. *Phryn.* You sha' not.

*Sim.* Ah, Ballio! Age has made me as dry as tinder,  
And I have taken fire. I burn, I burn.

The spark rak'd up in ashes is broke forth,  
And will consume me, Ballio. *Ball.* What 's the matter?

*Sim.* Love, cruel love, I must enjoy that Lady,  
Whatever price it cost me. *Ball.* Your sonnes mistresse?

*Sim.* Sonne or not sonne.----Let this intreat, and this.

*Ball.* This will perswade. I must remove your sonne,  
His furie else will surely stand 'twixt us

And our designses.——Old lecher, I will fit you,  
And geld your bags for this. You shall be milk'd,  
Emptied and pumpt. Sponge, we will squeeze you, sponge,  
And send you to suck more.——Invincible Mars.

*Asot.* What sayes the governour of our younger years?

*Ball.* You have worn this plot of Mars too stale already.  
O shiftr your self into all shapes of love.

Women are taken with varietie.

What think you of Oberon the King of Fayries?

I know 't will strike her fantasie.

*Asot.* Businesse calls.

Drink on, for our return shall sudden be.

#### SCEN. VI.

*Ballio, Simo, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus, Cherilus,  
Bomolochus, Phryne.*

*Ball.* **P**hryne, here is a boy of wealth, my girl,  
The golden bull that got this golden calf,

Deepl

Deeply in love with thee. *Phryn.* Let me alone;  
I'll fleece him.——*Ball.* Melt him, Phryne, melt him:  
We must not leave this Mine, till we have found  
The largeness of the vein.——Suck like an horse-leach.

Come, Sir, and boldly enter: I have chalkt out  
An easie path to tread in; 't will direct you  
To your wisht journeys end, and lodge you safe  
In her soft arms. *Sim.* Thou art my better Angel.  
Wilt thou eat gold, drink gold, lie in gold?  
I have it for thee. Old men are twice children;  
And so was I, but I am grown again  
Up to right man.——Thou shalt be my Tutor too;  
Is there no stools, or tables? *Ball.* What to do?

*Sim.* I would vault over them, to shew the strength  
And courage of my back. *Ball.* Strike boldly in, Sir.

*Sim.* Save you, Gentlemen. If you want gold, here's for  
you.

Give me some wine: Mistressse, a health to you:  
Pledge me, and spice the cup with these and these.  
Thou shalt have better gowns. *Thras.* A brave old boy.

*Hyper.* There's metall in him. *Cher.* I will sing thy praise  
In lines heroick. *Bom.* I will tune my lyre,  
And chaunt an ode that shall eternize thee.

*Phryn.* Of what a sweet aspect! how lovely look'd  
Is this fine Gentleman! ——I hope you know  
It is in Thebes the custome to salute  
Fair Ladies with a kisse.——*Sim.* She is enamour'd.  
Sure I am younger then I thought my self.  
Fair Lady, health and wealth attend thee.

*Phryn.* Good Sir, another kisse: you have a breath  
Compos'd of odours. *Sim.* Buy thee toys with this:  
I'll send thee more. *Phryn.* How ravishing is his face!

*Sim.* That I should have so ravishing a face,  
And never know it!——Miser that I was!  
I will go home and buy a looking-glasse,  
To be acquainted with my parts hereafter.

*Phryn.*

*Phryn.* Come, lie thee down by me ; here we will sit.  
How comely are these silver hairs ! This hand  
Is e'ne as right to my one mind ; as if  
I had the making of it. Let me throw  
My arms about thee. *Ball.* How the burr cleaves to him !

*Sim.* This remnant of my age will make amends  
For all the time that I have spent in care.

*Phryn.* Give me thy hand. How smooth a palm he has !  
How with a touch it melts ! *Ball.* The rogue abuses him  
With his greasie fists. *Phryn.* Let us score kisses up  
On one anothers lips. Thou shalt not speak,  
But I will suck thy words e're they have felt  
The open aire. ——— *Sim.* That I should live so long,  
And ignorant of such a wealth as this !

## SCEN. VII.

*Simo, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus, Cherilus,  
Bomolochus, Phryne, Asotus.*

*Asot.* **N**OW am I Oberon prince of Fairie land,  
And Phryne shall be Mab my Empresse fair:  
My souldiers two I'll instantly transform  
To Will-with-a-wisp, and Robin-goodfellow,  
And make my brace of Poets transmigrate  
Into Pigwiggin and Sir Peppercorn.  
It were a pretty whimfie now to counterfeit  
That I were jealous of my Phryne's love.  
The humour would be excellent, and become me  
Better then either Tyndarus or Techmessa.  
Thus will I walk as one in deadly dumps.

*Sim.* When shall we marry ? *Phryn.* I can hardly stay  
Till morning. *Asot.* O what Furie shot  
A viper through my soul ! Here Love with twenty bows  
And twenty thousand arrows layes his siege  
To my poore heart. ——— O Phryne, Phryne !  
I have no cause why to suspect thy love.

But if all this be cunning, as who knows ?

Away, foul sinne. O eyes, what mischief do you see !

*Balth.* O, I could burst with laughter. Here will be  
A pretty scene of mirth. *Sim.* Thou dost not love me.

My boy Asotus, my young sprightly boy

Has stol'n thy heart away. *Phryn.* He? a poore mushrome!

Your boy? I should have guess'd him for your father.

He has a skin as wrinkled as a Tortoyse.

I have mista'n him often for a hedge-hog

Crept out on 's skin: Pray keep the fool at home.

*Asot.* Patience, go live with cuckolds. I defie thee.

Villain, rogue, traitour, do not touch my Dear,

So to unsanctifie her tender skin,

Nor cast a goatish eye upon a hair,

To make that little threed of gold profaned,

Or gaze but on her shoe-string that springs up

A reall rose from vertue of her foot,

To blast the odours: Grim-fac'd death shall hurry thee

To Styx, Cocytus, and fell Phlegethon.

*Sim.* Asotus, good Asotus, I am thy father.

*Asot.* I no Asotus am, nor thou my fire,

But angrie and incensed Oberon.

*Sim.* All that I have is thine, though I could vie

For every silver hair upon my head

A piece in gold.—*Asot.* I should send you to the barbours.

*Sim.* All, all is thine: let me but share

A little in thy pleasures: onely relish

The sweetnesse of 'em. *Asot.* No, I will not have

Two spenders in a house. Go you and revel,

I will go home and live a drudges life,

As you ha' done, to scrape up pelf together:

And then forswear all Tutours, Souldiers, Poets,

Women, and Wine. I will forget to eat,

And starve my self to the bignesse of a polecat:

I will disclaime his faith that can believe

There is a Tavern, or a Religious place

For holy Nunnes that vow incontinence,  
 And have their beads to sin by.——Get you home.  
 You kisse a Gentlewoman to endanger  
 Your chattering teeth?——Go, you have done your share  
 In getting me : to furnish the next age,  
 Must be my province. Go, look you to yours.  
 Lie with your mustie bags, and get more gold.  
 S'lid, anger me, and I'll turn drudge for certain.

*Sim.* Asotus, good Asotus, pardon me.

*Asot.* I wonder you are not ashamed to ask pardon.

*Sim.* It was the dotage of my age, Asotus.

*Asot.* Who bid you live untill this age of dotage?

*Sim.* I will abjure all pleasures but in thee.

*Asot.* This something qualifies. *Sim.* It shall be my sport  
 To maintein thine. Thou shalt eat for both,  
 And drink for both.--*Asot.* Good : this will qualifie more.

*Sim.* And here I promise thee to make a joynture  
 Of half the land I have to this fair Lady.

*Asot.* This qualifies all. You have your pardon, Sir :  
 But heare you, Sir, it must be paid for too.  
 To morrow, Mab, I thee mine Empreffe crown.

*Ball.* All friends. A merry cup go round. What? Captains  
 And Poets here, and leave the sack for flies ?

### SCEN. VIII.

*Ballio, Asotus, Phryne, Simo, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus,  
 Charilus, Bomolochus, Tyndarus.*

*Hyp.* **T**Hrasymachus, a whole one. *Thras.* Done : I'll  
 pledge thee,

Though 't were a deluge.--- By my steel, you have left  
 Enough to drown an island, *Charilus.*

*Char.* And 't were the famous fount of Hippocrene,  
 I'de quaff it off all, though the great Apollo  
 And all the Muses died for thirst, *Bomolochus.*

*Bom.* Come boy, as deep as is Parnassus high.

*Tyn.*

*Tyn.* What nurserie of sinne is this ? what temple  
Of lust and riot ? Was this place alone  
Thought a fit witnesse for the knitting up  
Chaste and religious love ? Deeds dark as hell,  
Incest and murder might be acted here.  
The holy god of Marriage never lighted  
His sacred torch at so profane a den.  
It is a cage for screech-owls, bats and ravens,  
For crows and kites, and such like birds of prey.  
But the chaste turtle, the indulgent pelican,  
And pious stork, flie hence as from infection.  
Evadne meet me here ? Is she a parcell  
Of the damn'd family ? Are there such white devils  
Among their Succuba's ? No, thou art wrong'd, Evadne :  
And there be some that scatter snakes amongst us,  
Have stung too deep already.

## SCEN. IX.

*Ballio, Asotus, Chærilus, Simo, Hyperbolus,  
Thrasymachus, Tyndarus, Evadne.*

*Tyn.* **B**lesse me eyes !

My troubled fancie fools me. I am lost  
In a distracted dream. It is not she.  
Awake thee, Tyndarus : what strange sleeps are these !  
Me thinks I am in hell, and yet behold  
A glorious Angel there. Or have these devils  
Broke into Paradise ? for the place is such  
She blesses with her presence. --- Mere contradictions,  
Chimæra's of a restless brain. *Evad.* Diana,  
And whatsoever goddess else protects  
Untouch'd virginity, shield me with your powers.  
To what a wilderness have my wandering steps  
Betray'd me ! sure this cannot be a place  
To meet my Tyndarus in. *Tyn.* 'T is Evadne,  
'T is the fair-foul Evadne. Now my sword,

That hadst a good edge to defend this woman,  
Go send her soul into another mansion  
Black as it self. It is too foul a tenant  
For this fair palace. Stay yet, too forward steel,  
Take her incircled in her stallions arms,  
And kill two sinnes together. — Let 'em be  
At hell to bear the punishment of lust  
Ere it be fully acted. *Evad.* What strange fancies  
My maiden fears present me ! Why, I know not:  
But this suspicion seldome bodeth good.

*Thras.* A handsome Bona Roba, and my prize.

*Hyper.* I do denie 't, she's my monopolie.

*Char.* Perchance she may one of the Muses be,  
And then claim I a share for Poetrie.

*Evad.* If ever silly lambe thus stray'd before  
Into a flock of wolves ; or harmlesse dove  
Not onely made the prey, but the contention  
Of ravenous eagles ; such poore soul am I.

*Thras.* Give me a busse, my girle. *Evad.* If there be here  
A Gentleman in whom there lives a spark  
Of vertue not yet out, I do beseech him,  
By all the ashes of his ancestours,  
And by the constant love he bears his mistresse,  
To rescue innocence and virginittie  
From these base monsters. I for him will pay  
A thousand prayers a morning, all as pure  
And free from earthly thought, as e're found passage  
Through the strickt gate of heav'n. *Tyn.* That's a task for  
Away, foul ravishers, I will teach my sword (me.  
Justice to punish you. Such a troupe of Harpyes  
To force a Ladies honour ! I will quench  
With your own bloud the rage of that hot lust  
That spur'd you on to base and bold attempts.

*Asot.* Flie, Phryne, flie, for dangers do surround.

*Sim.* This is a pleasure that I care not for.

*Exeunt.*

SCEN.



## SCEN. X.

Tyndarus, Evadne.

*Tyn.* **L**ady, be safe. *Evad.* Sir, may this favour done  
 An injur'd maid call blessings on your head  
 In plenteous showres ! *Tyn.* This courtesie deserves  
 Some fair requitall. *Evad.* May plum'd victorie  
 Wait on your sword : and if you have a mistresse,  
 May she be fair as lilies, and as chaste  
 As the sweet morning dew that loads the heads  
 Of drooping flowres : may you have fair children  
 To propagate your vertues to posteritie,  
 And blesse succeeding times ! — *Tyn.* Heaven be not deaf.

*Evad.* May you and plenty never live asunder.  
 Peace make your bed, -- and -- *Tyn.* Prayer is cheap reward.  
 And nothing now bought at a rate so easie  
 As that same high way ware, -- Heaven blesse your worship.  
 In plain words Lady ( I can use no language  
 But what is blunt ) I must do what they would ha' done.

*Evad.* Call back your words, and lose not that reward  
 Heaven is ingag'd to pay you. *Tyn.* Come: no circumstance.  
 Your answer, quick. *Evad.* I beg it on my knees,  
 Have a respect to your own soul, that sinks  
 In this dishonour, Sir, as deep as mine.

*Tyn.* You are discourteous, Lady. *Evad.* Let these tears  
 Plead for me: did you rescue me from thieves,  
 To rob me of the jewel you preserv'd?

*Tyn.* Why do I trifle time away in begging  
 That may command ? — Proud Damsel, I will force thee.

*Evad.* I thank thee blest occasion: -- Now I dare *She snatch-*  
 Defie thee, devil: here is that shall keep *eth a stillet-*  
 My chastitie secure, and arm a maid *to out of his*  
 To scorn your strength. *Tyn.* Be not too mascu- *pocket.*

line, Lady.

*Evad.* Stand off, or I will search my heart with this,  
 nd force my bloud a passage, that in anger

Shall flie into thy face, and tell thee boldly  
 Thou art a villain. *Tyn.* Incomparable Lady!  
 By all those powers that the blest men adore,  
 And the worst fear, I have no black designe  
 Upon your honour; onely as a souldier  
 I did desire to prove whether my sword  
 Had a deserving cause: I would be loth  
 To quarrel for light ware. Now I have found you  
 Full weight, I'll wear his life upon my point  
 That injures so much goodnesse. *Evad.* You speak honour.  
*Tyn.* Blest be this minute, sanctifie it, Time,  
 'Bove all thy kalendar. Now I find her gold.  
 This touchstone gives her perfect. The discovery  
 Of ne'r found kingdoms, where the plough turns up  
 Rich oare in every furrow, is to this  
 A poore successe. Now all my doubts are clear'd,  
 And I dare boldly say, Be happy Tyndarus!

## SCEN. XI.

*Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus.*

*Pam.* **G**REAT Queen of love, sure when the labouring sea  
 Did bring forth thee, before she was deliver'd,  
 Her violent throes had rais'd a thousand storms,  
 Yet now, I hope, after so many wracks  
 That I have suffer'd in thy troubled waves,  
 Thou now wilt land me safe. *Tyn.* Pamphilus here?  
 He comes to meet Evadne. This is their house  
 Of toleration. She had spied me out  
 Through my disguise: and with what studied art,  
 What cunning language, how well acted gesture,  
 How much of that unbounded store of tears  
 She wrought on my credulitie! The Fox,  
 Hyæna, Crocodile, and all beasts of craft,  
 Have been distill'd to make one woman up.  
*Evad.* And has he left me in this dragons den!

*Exit.*

A

A spoil to rapine ! what defense, poore maid,  
Halt thou against these wild and savage beasts?  
My starres were cruel : If you be courteous eyes,  
Weep me a flood of tears, and drown me in 't,  
And be Physicians to my sorrows now,  
That have too long been Heralds of my grief.  
My threed of life has hitherto drawn out  
More woes then minutes. *Pam.* Health to the fair *Evadne.*

*Evad.* Is any left so courteous to wish health  
To the distress'd *Evadne* ? *Pamphilus*?

*Pam.* Is my *Techmessa* here? *Evad.* Now all the gods  
Preserve her hence ; there is in hell more safety  
Among the Furies. ——— Mischiefe built this house  
For all her family. Gentle *Pamphilus*,  
See me delivered from this jayl, this dungeon,  
This horrid vault of lust.

SCEN. XII.

*Pamphilus, Tyndarus, Techmessa, Evadne.*

*Pam.* **T**Ake comfort, Lady.  
Your honour stands safe on this guard, while I  
Can use a sword. *Evad.* You have confirmed me, Sir.

*Tyn.* How close they winde, like glutinous snakes ingen-

*Tech.* Well sister, I shall studie to requite (dring!

This courteous treacherie. *Evad.* *Pamphilus*, in me  
All starres conspire to make affliction perfect.

*Pam.* Wait on heavens pleasure, Madame: such a one  
The heavens ne'r made for misery, they but give you  
These crosses as sharp sauce to whet your appetite  
For some choice banquet. Or they mean to lead you  
Through a vault dark and obscure as hell,  
To make your Paradise a sweeter prospect.

———— Thus I feed  
Others with hopes, while mine own wounds do bleed.

*Exeunt Evadne, Pamphilus.*

E 4

SCEN

## SCEN. XIII.

*Tyndarus, Techmessa.*

*Tech.* **W**hy should we toil thus in an endlesse search  
Of what we now behold?—Let us grow wise.  
I loath false Pamphilus——yet I could have lov'd him :  
And, if he were but faithfull, could do still.

*Tyn.* Sure were Evadne false, yet Pamphilus  
Would not be made the instrument to wrong me.  
Or suppose Pamphilus were a treacherous brother ;  
Me thinks Evadne should be kinder to me.

*Techmessa*, joyn with me in one search more.

*Enter Ballio and Asotus.*

## SCEN. XIII.

*Tyndarus, Techmessa, Ballio, Asotus.*

*Tyn.* **O** Ballio, 't is in you and dear Asotus (happy.  
To make two wretches happy. *Asot.* Then be

*Tyn.* I'll make you two joynt-heirs of my estate,  
And you shall give it out we two are dead  
By our own hands ; and bear us both this night  
To church in coffins. Whence we'll make escape,  
And bid farewell to Thebes. *Asot.* Would you not both  
Be buried in one coffin ? then the grave  
Would have her tenants multiply : —heare you, Tutor,  
Shall not we be suspected for the murder,  
And choke with a hampen squincy ? *Tyn.* To secure you,  
We'll write before what we intend to act :  
Our hands shall witness with your innocence.


*Ball.* Well: Come the worst, I'll venture ;— & perchance  
You shall not die in jest again o' th' sudden.

*Tyn.* What strange Mæanders Cupid leads us through !  
When most we forward go we backward move.  
There is no path so intricate as love.

ACTUS

## ACTUS. IIII. SCEN. I.

*Ballio, Afotus, Cherilus, and Bomolochus, bearing the coffin of Techmessa; Hyperbolus, Thrasymachus, bearing the coffin of Tyndarus, a servant.*

*Ball.* arry these letters unto Chremylus house.  
Give this to Pamphilus, to Evadne that,  
And certifie 'em of this sad event.  
I will draw tears from theirs --- as  
from my eyes,

Because they are not reall obsequies.

*Afot.* So great my grief, so dolorous my disaster,  
I know not in what language to expresse it,  
Unlesse I should be dumbe! — Sob, — sob, Afotus,  
Sob till thy buttons break, and crack thy bandstrings  
With lamentation and distrefs'd condoling,  
With blubber'd eyes behold this spectacle  
Of mans mortalitie. — O my dearest Tyndarus!

*Thras.* Learn of us Captains to out-face grimme Death,  
And gaze the lean-chapt monster in the face.

*Afot.* I, and I could but come to see his face,  
I'd scratch his eyes out. — O the ugly Rogue!  
Could none but Tyndarus and fair Techmessa  
Serve the vile varlet to lead apes in hell?

*Hyper.* I have seen thousands sigh out souls in grones,  
And yet have laugh'd: — it has been sport to see  
A mangled carcassee broch'd with so many wounds,  
That life has been in doubt which to get out at.

*Afot.* Are crawling vermine of so choice a diet?  
Would I were then a worm, freely to feed  
On such a delicate and Ambrosian dith,  
Fit to be serv'd a banquet to my bed!  
But O — Techmessa, Death has swallowed thee,  
Too sweet a sop for such a fiend as he.

*Char.*

*Cher.* Chase hence these showres, for since they both are  
Tears will not bribe the Fates for a new thread. (dead,

*Bom.* Inexorable sisters! ——— Be not sorry :  
For Clotho's distaff will be peremptory.

*Afet.* Go then, and dip your pens in gall and vinegar  
To rail on Mors, cruel ——— impartiall Mors :  
The savage Tyrant ——— all-devouring Mors :  
The envious, wicked, and malicious Mors :  
Mors that respects not valour, Mors that cares not  
For wit or learning, Mors that spares not honour :  
Mors whom wealt h bribes not, Mors whom beauty tempts  
not :

Thus loudly rail on Mors, that Mors may know it,  
To be reveng'd on Mors I keep a Poet.

*Thras.* If Mors were here, the Skeleton should know  
I'de cut his charnell bones to dice for grieving  
Our noble Generall ——— Courage boen chevalier !

## SCEN. II.

*Simo, Afotus, Ballio, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus,  
Cherilus, Bomolochus.*

*Sim.* **W**Hy is my boy so sad ? ——— Tell me, Afotus :  
If dissolv'd gold will cure thee, melt a treasure.

*Afet.* O sad mischance! *Sim.* What grieves my hope, my  
My staff, my comfort ? *Afet.* Wofull accident ! (joy, The

*Sim.* Have I not barricadoed all my doores,  
And stopt each chink and cranny in my house,  
To keep out povertie and lean misfortune ?

Where crept this sorrow in ? *Afet.* Here, through my heart. Ba  
O father, I will tell you such a storie,  
Of such a sad and lamentable nature,

'Twill crack your purse-strings. *Sim.* Ha ? what storie, boy ? Afot

*Afet.* My friend, my dear friend Tyndarus, Sir, is dead.  
—— And, to augment my sorrow, ——— kill'd himself.

And yet, to adde more to my heap of griefs,

are left me and Ballio—his estate.—*Sim.* Alas!

ad, is not this counterfeit sorrow well exprest?

*Ball.* But I grieve truly that I grieve in jest.

*Sim.* Half his estate to thee, and half to Ballio?

A thousand pities.—Gently rest his bones.

I cannot but weep with thee. *Ball.* Sir, you see,

If you had left him nothing, my instructions

Can draw in patrimonies. *Sim.* He is rich

In nothing but a Tutour.—Good Asotus,

Though sorrow be a debt due to the herse

pts Of a dead friend, and we must wet the turf

Under whole roof he lodges: yet we must not

Be too immoderate. *Asot.* Bear me witnesse, heaven:

I us'd no force of Rhetorick no perswasions

(What e'r the wicked and malicious world

May rashly censure) to instigate these two

To their own deaths. I knew not of the plot;

All of you know that I am ignorant.

*Enter Phryn.*

*Phryn.* Where is my love? shall sorrow rivall me,

And hang about thy neck? If grief be got

Into thy cheeks, I'll clap it out.—Dear chicken,

You sha' not be so sad, indeed you sha' not.

Be merry: by this kisse I'll make you merry.

*Asot.* Then wipe my eyes.—Thus when the clouds are  
gone,

oy, The day again is gilded by the sunne.

### SCEN. III.

art. *Ballio, Asotus, Simo, Phryne, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus*  
*Cherilus, Bomolochus, Sexton.*

oy. *Asot.* **VV** Ho's within here? *Sext.* What's the matter  
ad. without there?

*Asot.* Hal! What art thou? *Sext.* The last of tailours, Sir,  
that ne'r take measure of you, while you have hope to wear

a new suit.

*Asot.* How dost thou live? *Sext.* As worms do : —  
the dead.

*Asot.* A witty rascall. Let 's have some discourse with him

*Thras.* Are any souldiers bones in garrison here?

*Sext.* Faith, Sir, but few : they, like poore travellers,  
Take up their inne by chance : but some there be.

*Thras.* Do not those warlike bones in dead of night  
Rise up in arms, and with tumultuous broyls  
Waken the dormise that dull peace hath lull'd  
Into a lethargie? — Dost not heare 'em knock  
Against their coffins, till they crack and break  
The marble into shivers that intombes 'em ;  
Making the temple shake as with an earthquake,  
And all the statues of the gods grow pale  
Affrighted with the horreur? *Sext.* No such matter.

*Hyper.* Do they not call for arms, and fright thee, mortal  
Out of thy wits? Do they not break the legs,  
And crush the skulls that dare approach too near  
Their honour'd graves? — When I shall come to dwell  
In your dark family, if a noysome carcase  
Offend my nostrils with too rank a sent,  
Know — I shall rage — & quarrel, — till I fright  
The poore inhabitants of the charnell house :  
That here shall run a toe, a shin-bone there :  
Here creeps a hand, there trowls an arm away :  
One way a crooked rib shall halting hie,  
Another you shall trundling find a skul.  
Like the distracted citzens of a town  
Beleaguer'd, — and in danger to be taken.

*Asot.* For heavens sake, Sexton, lay my quiet bones  
By some precise religious officer,  
One that will keep the peace. — These roring captains,  
With blustering words and language full of dread,  
Will make me quit my tombe, and run away  
Wrapt in my winding sheet ; — as if grim Minos,

Stee



Stern Æacus, and horrid Rhadamanth  
 Enjoy'd the corps a penance. *Sext.* Never fear it.  
 This was a captains skull, one that carried a storm in his  
 countenance, & a tempest in his tongue: The great bug-  
 beare of the citie, that threw drawers down the stairs as fa-  
 miliarly as quart-pots; and had a pension from the Bar-  
 bour-chirurgeons for breaking of pates: A fellow that had  
 ruin'd the noses of more bawds and pandars then the disease  
 belonging to the trade.——And yet I remember when  
 he went to buriall, another corse took the wall of him, &  
 the bandog ne'r grumbled.

*Asot.* Then skull (although thou be a captains skull)  
 I say thou art a coward,——and no Gentleman;  
 Thy mother was a whore,——and thou liest in thy throat.

*Hyper.* Do not, live hare, pull the dead lions beard.

*Asot.* No, good Hyperbolus; I but make a jest  
 To show my reading in moralitie.

*Ghar.* Do not the ashes of deceased Poets  
 In spir'd with sacred furie carroll forth  
 Eathusiastick raptures? Dost not heare 'em  
 Sing mysteries, and talk of things conceal'd  
 The rest of mortall judgements? Dost not see  
 Apollo and the Muses every night  
 Dance rings about their tombes? *Bom.* Do not roses,  
 Lillies, and violets grow upon their graves?  
 Shoots not the laurell, that impal'd their brows,  
 Into a tree, to shadow their blest marble?  
 Do they not rise out of their shrowds to reade  
 Their Epitaphs? and if they like 'em not  
 Expunge 'em, and write new ones? Do they not  
 Rore in caliginous terms, and vapour forth  
 From reeking entralls fogs Egyptian,  
 To puzzle even an oculare intellect?  
 Prate they not catarafts of insensible noise,  
 That with obstreperous cadence cracks the organs  
 Acroamatick, till the deaf auditour

Admires

Admires the words he heares not;

*Sext.* This was a poetick noddle. O the sweet lines, choice language, eloquent figures, besides the jests, half jests, quarter jests, & quibbles that have come out o' these chaps that yawn so! He has not now so much as a new-coyn'd-complement to procure him a supper. The best friend he has may walk by him now, & yet have ne'r a jeer put upon him. His mistress had a little dog deceased the other day, & all the wit in this noddle could not pump out an Elegie to bewail it. He has been my tenant this seven years, and in all that while I never heard him rail against the times, or complain of the neglect of learning. Melpomene & the rest of the Muses have a good time on't that he is dead: for while he lived, he ne'r left calling upon 'em. He was buried (as most of the tribe) at the charge of the parish; and is happier dead then alive: for he has now as much money as the best in the companie, — & yet has left off the poetick way of begging, call'd Borrowing.

*Asot.* I scorn thy Lyrick and Heroick strain,  
Thy tart Iambick and Satyrick vein.  
Where be thy querks and tricks? show me again  
The strange conundrums of thy frisking brain,  
Thou Poets skull, and say, What's rythme to chimney?

*Sext.* Alas! Sir, you ha' pos'd him: he cannot speak to give you an answer, though his mouth be alwayes open. A man may safely converse with him now, & never fear flitting in a crowd of verses. And now a Play of his may be freely censur'd, without a libel upon the audience. The boyes may be bold to cry it down.

*Ball.* I cannot yet contrive it handsomely.  
Me thinks the darknesse of the night should prompt me  
To a plot of that complexion. — Ruminare,  
Ruminare, Ballio. *Phryn.* Pray, Sir, how does death  
Deal with the Ladies? Is he so unmannerly  
As not to make distinction of degrees?  
I hope the rougher bones of men have had

More

More education then to trouble theirs  
That are of gentler stuff.

*Sext.* Death is a blunt villain, Madame : he makes no distinction betwixt Jone and my Lady. This was the prime Madame in Thebes, the generall mistresse, the onely adored beauty. Little would you think there were a couple of starres in these two auger-holes : or that this pit had been arch'd over with a handsome nose, that had been at the charges to maintein half a dozen of severall silver arches to uphold the bridge. It had been a mighty favour once to have kiss'd these lips that grin so. This mouth out of all the Madames boxes cannot now be furnished with a set of teeth. She was the coyest overcurious dame in all the citie : her chambermaids misplacing of a hair, was as much as her place came to. — Oh ! if that Lady now could but behold this physnomie of hers in a looking glasse, what a monster would she imagine her self ! Will all her perrukes, tyres and dresse, with her chargeable teeth, with her cerusse and pomatum, and the benefit of her painter and Doctor, make this idole up again?

Paint, Ladies, while you live, and plaister fair ;

But when the house is fall'n, 'tis past repair.

*Phryn.* No matter, my Asotus : Let death do  
His pleasure then, we 'll do our pleasures now.

Each minute that is lost is past recall,

This is the time allotted for our sports,

'T were sinne to passe it. While our lips are soft,

And our embraces warm, we 'll twine and kisse.

When we shall be such things as these, let worms

Crawl through our eyes, and eat our noses off,

It is no matter. While we liv'd, we liv'd.

*Asot.* And when we die, we die. We will be both  
embalm'd

In precious unguents to delight our sense,

And in our grave we 'll busse, and hug, and dally

As we do here : for death can nothing be

To

To him that after death shall lie with thee.  
 Sexton, receive these coffins to the temple ;  
 But not interre them,——for they both are guilty  
 Of their own bloud,——till we make expiation  
 T' assoyl the fact.——Tutour, reward the Sexton.  
 I'll come sometimes and talk moralitie with him.

*Ball.* This, Sir, my Pupill gives you :——but hereafter  
 I'll more then treble it, if you be no enimie  
 To your own profit. *Sext* Profit 's my religion.

*Asot.* Now you that bore my dead friends to the grave,  
 Usher my living mistresse home again.  
 Thus joy with grief alternate courses shares :  
 Fortune, I see thy wheel in all affairs.

*Exeunt omnes præter Sexton.*

### SCEN. IIII.

*Sexton, and his wife Staphyla.*

*Sext.* **S**taphyla, why Staphyla: I hope she has ta'ne her last  
 Sleep. Why when, Staphyla?

*Staph.* What a life have I? that can never be quiet? I can  
 no sooner lie down to take my rest, but presently, Staphyla,  
 Staphyla. What 's the news?

*Sext.* A prize, my rogue, a prize.

*Staph.* Where? or from whom?

*Sext.* Why, thou knowest I rob no where but on the  
 highway to heaven, such as are upon their last journey thi-  
 ther. Thou & I have been land-pirates this six and thirty  
 years, and have pillaged our share of Charons passengers.  
 Here are a couple of sound sleepers, and perchance their  
 clothes will fit us. Then will I walk like a Lord, and thou  
 shalt be my Madam, Staphyla.

*Staph.* Truly, husband, I have had such fearfull dreams  
 to night, that I am perswaded (though I think I shall never  
 turn truly honest again) to rob the dead no more. For, methought,  
 as you and I were robbing the dead, the dead took  
 heart, and rob'd us.

*Sext.*

*Sext.* Tush, dreams are idle things. There is no felonie warrantable but ours, for it is groundd on rules of charitie. Is it fitting the dead should be cloth'd, and the living go naked? Besides, what is it to them whether they lie in sheets or no? Did you ever heare of any that caught cold in his coffin? Moreover, there is safety and securitie in these attempts: What inhabitant of the grave that had his house broke open, accus'd the thief of Burglarie? Look here: This is a Lawyers skull. There was a tongue in 't once, a damnable eloquent tongue, that would almost have perswaded any man to the gallows. This was a turbulent busie fellow, till death gave him his *Quietus est*. And yet I ventured to rob him of his gown and the rest of his habiliments, to the very buckrum-bag, not leaving him so much as a poore half-penny to pay for his wastage: and yet the good man ne're repin'd at it. Had he been alive, and were to have pleaded against me, how would he have thundred it! — Behold, most grave Judges, a fact of that horror and height in sinne, so abominable, so detestable in the eyes of heaven and earth, that never any but this dayes cause presented to the admiration of your ears. I cannot speak it without trembling, 't is so new, so unus'd, so unheard-of a villanie. But that I know your Lordships confident of the honestie of your poore Oratour, I should not hope by all my reasons, grounds, testimonies, arguments, and perswasions to gain your belief. This man, said I man? this monster rather: but monster is too easie a name: this devil, this incarnate devil, having lost all honesty, and abjur'd the profession of virtue, robb'd: (a sinne in the action) But who? The dead. What need I aggravate the fault? the naming the action is sufficient to condemne him. I say, he robb'd the dead. The dead! Had he robb'd the living, it had been more pardonable: but to rob the dead of their clothes, the poore impotent dead, that can neither card, nor spin, nor make new ones, O't is most audacious and intolerable! — Now you have well spoke, why do you not after all this Rhetorick put your

F

hand

hand behind you to receive some more instructions backward? Now a man may clap you o' th' cockscombe with his spade, and never stand in fear of an action of batterie.

*Staph.* For this one time, husband, I am induced; but in sooth I will not make a common practice of it. Knock you up that coffin, and I'll knock up this.--Rich and glorious!

*Sext.* Bright as the sunne! Come, we must strip you Gallants; the worms care not for having the dishes serv'd up to their table cover'd.

O, O, O!  
*Staph.* Heaven shield me! O, O, O!  
*Tyndarus and Techmessa rise from the coffins; and the Sexton and his wife affrighted fall into a swoon.*

## SCEN. V.

*Tyndarus and Techmessa.*

*Tyn.* **H**OW poore a thing is man, whom death it self Cannot protect from injuries! O ye gods! Is't not enough our wretched lives are tofs'd On dangerous seas, but we must stand in fear Of Pirates in the haven too? Heaven made us So many burs of clay, at which the gods In cruel sport shoot miseries.—Yet, I hope, Their splene's grown milder, and this blest occasion Offers it self an earnest of their mercy. Their finnes have furnisht us with fit disguises To quiet our perplexed souls. Techmessa, Let me aray you in this womans robes. I'll wear the Sextons garments in exchange. Our sheets and coffins shall be theirs.

*Tech.* Dear Tyndarus! In all my life I never found such peace As in this coffin: It presented me The sweets that death affords.—Man has no libertie But in this prison.—Being once lodg'd here, He's fortified in an impregnable fort, Through which no doubts, suspicions, jealousies,

No sorrows, cares, or wild distractions

Can force an entrance to disturb our sleeps.

*Tyn.* Yet to those prisons will we now commit

These two offenders, *Tech.* But what benefit

shall we enjoy by this disguise? *Tyn.* A great one:

If my Evadne or thy Pamphilus

Are lov'd us living, they will haste to make

Atonement for our souls stain'd with the guilt

Of our own blood: if not, they will rejoyce

Our deaths have opened them so clear a passage

To their close loves: and with those thoughts possess'd,

They will forget the torments hell provides

For those that leave the warfare of this life

Without a passe from the great Generall.

*Tech.* I hope they may prove constant. *Tyn.* So pray I.

I will desire yon statue be so courteous

To part with 's beard a while. — So, we are now

Beyond discovery. *Sext.* O, O, O! *Staph.* O, O, O!

*Tyn.* Let 's use a charm for these.

*Quiet sleep, or I will make*

*Erinnys whip thee with a snake,*

*And cruel Rhadamanthus take*

*Thy bodie to the boyling lake,*

*where fire and brimstone never slake:*

*Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ake,*

*And every joynt about thee quake.*

*And therefore dare not yet to wake.*

*Tech.* *Quiet sleep, or thou shalt see*

*The borrid bags of Tartarie,*

*whose tresses ugly serpents be,*

*And Cerberus shall bark at thee,*

*And all the Furies that are three,*

*The worst is call'd Tisiphone,*

*Shall lash thee to eternitie.*

*And therefore sleep thou peacefully.*

*Tyn.* But who comes hither? *Ballio*; what's his business?

SCEN. VI.

*Ballio, Tyndarus, Techmessa.*

*Ball.* **S**exton, I'll open first thine ears with these,  
To make 'em fit to let persuasions in.

*Tyn.* These, Sir, will cure my deafness. *Ball.* Art thou mine?

*Tyn.* Sir, you have bought me. *Ball.* I'll pay double for thee.

Shall I prevail in my request? *Tyn.* Ask these.——

*Ball.* Th' art apprehensive: to the purpose then:  
Have you not in the temple some deep vault  
Ordain'd for buriall? *Tyn.* Yes. *Ball.* Then I proceed:  
We have to night perform'd the last of service  
That pietie can pay to our dead friends.

*Tyn.* 'T was charitably done. *Ball.* We brought 'em hither

To their last home.—— Now, Sir, they both being guilty  
Of their own deaths, I fear the laws of Thebes  
Denie 'em buriall. It would grieve me, Sir,  
(For friendship cannot be so soon forgot;  
Especially so firm a one as ours.)

To have 'em cast a prey to Wolves and Eagles.  
Sir, these religious thoughts have brought me hither  
Now at the dead of night, to intreat you  
To cast their coffins into some deep vault  
And to interre 'em.—— O my Tyndarus,  
All memorie shall fail me, ere my thoughts  
Can leave th' impression of that love I bear thee;  
Thou left'st me half of all the land thou hadst;  
And should I not provide thee so much earth  
As I can measure by thy length, heaven curse me!

*Tyn.* Sir, if your courtesie had not bound me yours,



This act of goodnesse had. *Ball.* So true a friend  
No age records. — Farewell. — This work succeeds.  
Posteritie, that shall this storie get,  
May learn from hence an art to counterfeit. *Exit Ball.*

SCEN. VII.

*Tyndarus, Techmeffa.*

*Tyn.* **H**ere was a strange deliverance ! Who can be  
So confident of fortune, as to say,  
I now am safe ? *Tech.* This villain has reveal'd  
All our designs to Pamphilus and Evadne :  
And they with bribes and hopes of an inheritance,  
If you were dead indeed, have won this rascall  
To this black treason. — What foul crimes can Lust  
Prompt her base vassals to ! — Here let us end  
Our busie search, and travel o're the world,  
To see if any cold and Northern climate  
Have entertein'd lost Virtue long since fled  
Our warmer countrey. *Tyn.* Ha ! — 'T is sol. — 'T is sol  
I see it with clear eyes. — O cursed plot !  
And are you brooding crocodiles ? I may chance  
To break the serpents egge ere you have hatch'd  
The viper to perfection. Come, Techmeffa,  
My anger will no longer be confin'd  
To patient silence. Tedious expectation  
Is but a foolish fire by night, that leads  
The traveller out of 's way. — Break forth, my wrath,  
Break like a deluge of consuming fire,  
And scorch 'em both to ashes in a flame  
Hot as their lust. — No : — 'T is too base a bloud  
For me to spill. — Let 'em e'ne live t' ingender  
A brood of monsters : — May perpetuall jealousy  
Wait on their beds, and poyson their imbraces  
With just suspicions : may their children be  
Deform'd, and fright the mother at the birth :

May they live long and wretched ; all mens hate,  
And yet have miserie enough for pitie :  
May they be long a dying — of diseases  
Painfull and lothsome : — Passion, do not hurrie me  
To this unmanly womanish revenge.  
Wilt thou curse, Tyndarus, when thou wear'st a sword?  
But ha, heark, observe ! —

SCEN. VIII.

*Pamphilus, Evadne, Tyndarus, Techmessa.*

*Pam.* **V** Ait till we call.

Heaven, if thou hast not emptied all thy crea-  
Of wrath upon me, here I challenge thee, ( fury

To lay on more. What torments hast thou left,  
In which thou hast not exercis'd my patience ?

Yet cast up all th' accounts of all my sorrows,  
And the whole summe is trebbled in the losse  
Of dear Techmessa. *Tech.* If this grief were reall !

*Tyn.* Be not too credulous. *Pam.* I have stood the rest  
Of your afflictions: with this one I fell,

Fell like a rock that had repell'd the rage  
Of thousand violent billows, and withstood  
Their fierce assaults, untill the working Tide  
Had undermin'd him : then he falls, and draws

Part of the mountain with him. *Evad.* Pamphilus,  
When did you see my sweet-heart ? prithee tell me,  
Is he not gone a maying ? — he will bring me  
Some pinks and dayies home to morrow morning.

Pray heaven he meet no thieves ! *Pam.* Alas, Evadne!  
Thy Tyndarus is dead. *Evad.* What shall I do ?

I cannot live without him. *Tyn.* I am mov'd :  
Yet I will make this triall full and perfect.

What at this dismall houre, when nothing walks  
But souls tormented, calls you from your sheets  
To visit our dark cells, inhabited

By death and melancholy? *Evad.* I am come  
To seek my true-love here. Did you not see him?  
He 's come to dwell with you, pray use him well,  
He was a proper Gentleman.

*Tech.* Sir, what cause  
Enforc'd you hither? *Pam.* I am come to pay  
The tribute of my eyes to a dead Love.

*Tyn.* Fair Lady, may I ask one question of you?  
Did you admit no love into your bosome  
But onely his? *Evad.* Alas! you make me weep.

Could any woman love a man but him?  
No, Tyndarus, I will not long outlive thee;  
We will be married in Elysium,  
And arm in arm walk through the blessed groves,  
And change a thousand kisses;—you sha'nt see us.

*Tyn.* I know not whether it be joy or grief  
Forces tears from me. *Tech.* Were you constant, Sir,  
To her whose death you now so much lament?  
For by those prodigies and apparitions  
That have to night shak'd the foundations  
Of the whole temple, your inconstancie  
Hath caus'd your Mistresses untimely end.

*Pam.* The Sunne shall change his course, and find new  
paths

To drive his chariot in: The Loadstone leave  
His faith unto the North:—The Vine withdraw  
Those strict embraces that infold the Elm  
In her kind arms:—But, if I change my love  
From my Techmessa, may I be recorded  
To all posterity Loves great Apostate

In Cupids annalls. *Evad.* If you see my Tyndarus,  
Pray tell him I will make all haste to meet him.  
I will but weep a while first. *Tyn.* Prettie sorrow!

*Tech.* Sir, you may veil your falshood in smooth lan-  
And gild it o're with fair hypocrisie: (guage,  
But here has been such grones; Ghosts that have cried

In hollow voices, Pamphilus, O false Pamphilus!  
Revenge on Pamphilus! Such complaints as these  
The gods ne're make in vain.

*Pam.* Then there is witchcraft in 't. And are the gods  
Made parties too against me? — Pardon then  
If I grow stubborn. — While they prest my shoulders  
No more then I could bear, they willingly  
Submitted to the burden. — Now they wish  
To cast it off. — What treachery has brib'd you,  
Celestiall Forms, to be my false accusers?  
I challenge you (for you can view my thoughts,  
And reade the secret characters of my heart)  
Give in your verdict: did you ever find  
Another image graven in my soul  
Besides Techmessa? No! 'T is hell has forg'd  
These sliε impostures! all these plots are coyn'd  
Out of the devils mintage. *Tech.* Certainly  
There's no false fire in this. *Tyn.* There cannot be.

*Evad.* Pray, Sir, direct me where I may embalm  
My Tyndarus with my tears. *Tyn.* There gentle Lady.

*Evid.* Is this a casket fit to entertain  
A jewel of such value? *Pam.* Where must I  
Pay my devotions? *Tech.* There your dead Saint lies.

*Evad.* Hail, Tyndarus; may earth but lightly presse thee:  
And mayst thou find those joyes th' art gone to taste,  
As true as my affection. Now I know  
Thou canst not chooise but love me, and with longing  
Expect my quick arrivall: for the soul  
Freed from the cloud of flesh clearly discerns  
Forms in their perfect nature. If there be  
A guile upon thy bloud, thus I'll rede em it, *(offers to kill her)*  
And lay it all on mine. *Tyn.* What mean you, Lady? *(self.)*

*Evad.* Stay not my pious hand. *Tyn.* Your impious rather.  
If you were dead, who then were left to make  
Lustration for his crime? shall foolish zeal

Perfwade

Perswade you to a hasty death, and so  
Leave Tyndarus to eternitie of flames ?

*Evad.* Pardon me, Tyndarus ; I will onely see  
That office done, and then I'll follow thee.

*Pam.* Thou gentle soul of my deceased love,  
If thou still hover'st hereabouts, accept  
The vows of Pamphilus. ——— If I ever think  
Of woman with affection, but Techmessa,  
Or keep the least spark of a love alive  
But in her ashes, let me never see  
Those blessed fields where gentle lovers walk  
In endlesse joyes. ——— Why do I idly weep !  
I'll write my grief in blood. *Tech.* What do you mean ?

*Pam.* Techmessa, I am yet withheld ; but suddenly  
I'll make escape to find thee. *Tech.* O blest minute !

## SCEN. IX.

*Dipsas, Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus, Techmessa.*

*Dips.* **VV** Here shall I flie to hide me from my guilt ?  
It follows me, like those that run away

From their own shadows : that which I would shun  
I bear about me. ——— Whom shall I appease ?

The living, or the dead ? for I have injur'd  
Both you and them. ——— O Tyndarus, here I kneel,

And do confesse my self thy cruel murtheresse ;  
And thine, Techmessa. ——— Gentle daughter, pardon me.

But how shall I make satisfaction,  
That have but one poore life, and have lost two ?

Oh Pamphilus ! my malice ruin'd thee,  
But most Evadne : for at her I aim'd,

Because she is no issue of my wombe,  
But trusted by her father to my care.

Her have I followed with a stepdames hate,  
As envious that her beauty should eclipse

My daughters honour. ——— But the gods in justice  
Have

Have ta'n her hence to punish me. — My sinnes  
March up in troups against me. — But this potion  
Shall purge out life and them. *Tyn.* Be not too rash:  
I will revive *Techmessa*, *Dips.* O sweet daughter!

*Pam.* Thou hast reviv'd two lives at once. *Evad.* But I  
Still live a widowed virgin. *Tyn.* No, *Evadne*;  
Receive me new created, of a clay  
Purg'd from all dregs; my thoughts do all run clear.  
Take hence those coffins, I will have them born  
Trophies before me when we come to tie  
The nuptiall knot: for death has brought us life.  
Suspicion made us confident, and weak jealousie  
Hath added strength to our resolved love.  
Cupid hath run his maze, this was his day:  
But the next part *Hymen* intends to play.

## ACTUS V. SCENA I.

*Demetrius solus.*



*H*ail, sacred Thebes, I kisse thy blessed soil,  
And on my knees salute thy seven gates.  
Some twenty winters now have glaz'd thy  
floods  
Since I beheld thy turrets batter'd then  
With Warre, that sought the ruine of those walls  
Which Musick built. When Minos cruel tribute  
Robb'd mothers of their dearest babes, to glut  
His ravenous Minotaure; I for safety fled  
With my young sonnes, but call'd my countreys hate  
Upon my head, whom miserie made malicious.  
Each father had a curse in store for me,  
Because I shar'd not in the common losse;  
Yet would have willingly chang'd fortunes with me.  
I dare not meet the vulgars violent rage

Eger

Scen. 2.      *The Jealous Lovers.*

Eager against me. I will therefore studie  
Some means to live conceal'd.

## SCEN. II.

*Demetrius, Asotus.*

*Asot.* I Have heard my mother,  
Who had more proverbs in her mouth then teeth,  
(Peace with her soul wheree're it be) affirm,  
Marry too soon, and you'll repent too late.  
A sentence worth my meditation:  
For marriage is a serious thing: perchance  
Fair Phryne is no maid; for women may  
Be beauteous yet no virgins. Fair and chaste  
Are not of necessarie consequence.  
Or being both fair and chaste she may be barren;  
And then when I am old, I shall not have  
A boy—to dote on as my father does.

*Dem.* Kind fortune fan you with a courteous wing.

*Asot.* A pretty complement. What art thou, fellow?

*Dem.* A Register of heaven, a privie Counsellour  
To all the planets, one that has been tenant  
To the twelve houses, Tutour to the Fates,  
That taught 'em th' art of spinning; a live Almanack,  
One that by speculation in the starres  
Can foretell any thing. *Asot.* How! foretell any thing?  
How many years are past since Thebes was built?

*Dem.* That is not to foretell: you state the question  
Of times already past. *Asot.* And cannot you  
As well foretell things past as things to come?  
Say, Register of heaven, and privy Counsellour  
To all the planets, with the rest of your titles,  
(For I shall ne're be able to repeat 'em all)  
Shall I, as I intend, to day be married?

*Dem.* Th' Almutes, or the Lord of the Ascendent,  
I find with Luna corporally joyn'd

To the Almutes of the seventh house,  
 Which is the matrimoniall family:  
 And therefore I conclude the nuptials hold.  
 And yet th' Aspect is not in Trine or Sextile,  
 But in the Quartile radiation  
 Or Tetragon, which shews an inclination  
 Averse, and yet admitting of reception.  
 It will, although encountred with impediment,  
 At last succeed. *Asot.* Ha ! What bold impediment  
 Is so audacious to encounter me?  
 Be he Almutes of what house he please ;  
 Let his Aspect be Sextile, Trine, or Quartile ;  
 I do not fear him with his radiations,  
 His Tetrasons, and inclinations :  
 If he provoke my splene, I'll have him know  
 I souldiers feed shall mince him, and my Poets  
 Shall with a satyre steep'd in gall and vineger,  
 Rhythme 'em to death, as they do rats in Ireland.  
*Dem.* Good words.

There's no resistance to the laws of Fate.  
 This sublunary world must yield obedience  
 To the celestiall virtues. *Asot.* One thing more  
 I would desire to know : Whether my spouse  
 That shall be be immaculate. I'd be loth  
 To marry an Advowson that has had  
 Other incumbents. *Dem.* I'll resolve you instantly.  
 The Dragons-tail stands where the head should be :  
 A shrewd suspicion, — she has been strongly tempted.  
*Asot.* The Dragons-tail puts me in a horrible fear.  
 I feel a kind of sting in my head already.

*Dem.* And Mars being landlord of th' eleventh house,  
 Plac'd in the Ram and Scorpion, plainly signifies  
 The maid has been in love ? but the Aspect  
 Being without reception layes no guilt  
 Of act upon her.

*Asot.* I shall be jealous presently :

For



For the Ram is but an ill signe in the head ;  
And you know what Scorpio aims at in the Almanack.

*Dem.* But when I see th' Ascendent and his Lord,  
With the good Moon in angles and fixt signes,  
I do conclude her virgin pure and spotlesse.

*Afor.* I thank th' Ascendent, and his noble Lord;  
He shall be welcome to my house at any time,  
And so shall mistresse Moon with all her angles  
And her fixt signes. But how come you to know  
All this for certain? *Dem.* Sir, the learned Cabalists,  
And all the Chaldees do conclude it lawfull :

As *Asta*, *Baruch*, and *Abohali*,  
*Gaucaph*, *Tox*, *Arcaphan*, and *Albuas*,  
*Gasar*, with *Hali*, *Hippocras*, and *Lencuo*,  
With *Ben*, *Benesaphan*, and *Albubetes*.

*Afor.* Are *Asta*, *Baruch*, and *Abohali*,  
With all the rest o' th' Jury, men of credit?

*Dem.* Their words shall go as farre i' th' Zodiack, Sir,  
As anothers bond. *Afor.* I am beholding to 'em.  
Another scruple yet :—I would have children too,  
Children to dote on, Sir, when I grow old ;  
Such as will spend when I am dead and gone,  
And make me have such fine dreams in my grave.

*Dem.* Sir, y' are a happy man. I do not see  
In all your horoscope one signe masculine ;  
For such portend sterilitie. *Afor.* How 's that, man?  
Is 't possible for any man to ha' children  
Without a signe masculine? *Dem.* Sir, you mistake me :  
You are not yet initiate. The Almutes  
Of the Ascendent is not elevated  
Above the Almutes of the filial house:  
Venus is free, and Jove not yet combust :  
And then the signifier being lodg'd  
In watry signes, the Scorpion, Crab, and Fish,  
Foreshew a numerous issue of both sexes.  
And Mercury in 's exaltations

Plac'd in their angles, and their points successive,  
Beholds the Lords of the Triplicirie  
Unhindred in their influence. You were born  
Under a getting constellation,  
A fructifying starre.—Sir, I pronounce you  
A joyfull father. *Asot.* Happy be the houre  
I met with thee ! I 'll ha' thee live with me.  
Thou shalt be my domesticall Astronomer.  
I have a brace of Poets as fit as may be,  
To furnish thee with verses for each moneth.  
Sir, since the gracious starres do promise me  
So numerous a troupe of sonnes and daughters,  
'T is fit I should have my means in my own hands  
To provide for 'em all: therefore I fain would know  
Whether my father be——long-liv'd or no.

*Dem.* The planet Mars is Orientall now  
To Saturn ; but in reference to the Sun  
He bears a Westerly position.  
Which Ylem linking Saturn with the Sun  
In opposition, both sinisterly  
Fall'n from their corners, plainly signifies  
He cannot long survive. *Asot.* Why, who can help it ?  
There's no resistance to the laws of Fate:  
This sublunary world must yeild obedience  
To the celestiaall virtues. —Were 't not providence  
To bespeak mourning clokes against the funerall ?

*Dem.* 'T is good to be in readinesse. *Asot.* If thou be  
So cunning a prophet, tell me ; Do I mean  
To entertein thee for my wizard ?

*Dem.* Sir,  
I do not see the least Azymenes,  
Or planetary hindrance. Alcocoden  
Tells me you will. *Asot.* Tell Alcocoden then  
He is i' th' right. Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus ! *(Enter Thrasym.)*  
We have increas'd our family: see him enroll'd. *Hyperb.*  
He is a man of merit, and can prophesie.

*Thras.*

*Tbras.* We'll drench him in the welcome of the cellar,  
And trie if he can prophesie who falls first.

*Afot.* How will the world admire me, when they see  
My house an Academie, all the arts  
Wait at my table, every man of qualitie  
Take sanctuary here! I will be patrone  
To twenty liberall sciences.

SCEN. III.

*Afotus, Ballio.*

*Ball.* A Fair sunne  
Shine on the happy bridegroom. *Afot.* Quondam  
Tutour,

( For I am past all tuition but my wives )  
Thanks for your wishes; have you studied yet  
How with one charge ( for ceremonious charge  
I care not for ) I may expresse my grief  
At the sad funerals of my friends deceas'd,  
And yet proclaim with how much joy I wed  
The beauteous Phryne? *Ball.* I have beat my brain  
To find out a right garb: wear these two clokes.  
This sable garment, sorrows Liverie,  
Speaks funerall: this richer robe of joy,  
Says 't is a nuptiall solemnitie.

*Afot.* A choice device:--I'll practice. *Ball.* Rarely well.

SCEN. IIII.

*Afotus, Ballio, Simo.*

*Sim.* Good morrow, boy: how flows thy bloud, *Afotus,*  
Upon thy wedding-day? is it spring-tide?  
Find'st thou an active courage in thy bones?  
Wilt thou at night create me Grandfire? ha?  
O, I remember with what sprightly courage  
I bedded thy old mother, and that night

*Bid*

Bid fair for thee, boy: how I curst the ceremonies,  
And thought the youngsters scrambled for my points  
Too slowly! 'T was a happy night, Asotus.

*Asot.* How sad a day is this! methinks the sunne  
Affrighted with our sorrows should run back  
Into his Eastern palace, and for ever  
Sleep in the lap of Thetis. Can he shew  
A glorious beam when Tyndarus is dead,  
And fair Techmessa? I will weep a flood  
Deep as Deucalions; and again the Chaos  
Shall muffle up the lamentable world  
In sable clokes of grief and black confusion!

*Sim.* What ails my boy? unseasonable grief  
Shall not disturb thy nuptials.— Good Asotus,  
Be not so passionate. *Ball.* What incomparable mirth  
Would such a dotard and his humorous sonne  
Make in a Comedie, if a learned pen  
Had the expression! *Asot.* Now the t'other cloke.

In what a verdant weed the spring arayes  
Fresh Tellus in! how Flora decks the fields  
With all her tapestrie! and the Choristers  
Of every grove chaunt Carolls! Mirth is come  
To visit mortalls. Every thing is blithe,  
Jocund, and joviall. All the gods arrive  
To grace our nuptials. Let us sing and dance,  
That heaven may see our revels, and send down  
The planets in a Masque, the more to grace  
This dayes solemnitie. *Sim.* I, this, Asotus;  
There's musick, boy, in this. *Asot.* Now this cloke again.  
You gods, you overload mortalitie,  
And presse our shoulders with too great a weight  
Of dismall miseries. All content is fled  
With Tyndarus and Techmessa. Ravens croak  
About my house, ill-boding schrich-owls sing  
Epithalamiums to my spouse and me.  
Can I dream pleasures, or expect to taste

The

The comforts of the married bed, when Tyndarus  
 And fair Techmeffa from the world are gone ?  
 No, pardon me, you gentle ghosts; I vow  
 To cloister up my grief in some dark cell :  
 And there, till grief shall close my blubber'd eyes,  
 Weep forth repentance. *Sim.* Sure he is distracted !  
*Asotus*, do not grieve so : all thy sorrows  
 Are doubled in thy father : Pitie me,  
 If not thy self ; O pitie these gray hairs,  
 Pitie my age, *Asotus*. *Asot.* What a silly fellow  
 My father is that knows not which cloke speaks !  
 Father, you do forget this is our nuptiall.  
 Cast off those trophies of your wealthy beggery,  
 And clad your self in rich and splendent weeds,  
 Such as become my father : Do not blemish  
 Our dignity with rags. Appear to day  
 As glorious as the sunne. Set forth your self  
 In your bright lustre. *Sim.* So I will, my boy :  
 Was there ever father so fortunate in a child ? *Exit Sim.*  
*Asot.* Do not I vary with decorum, *Ballio* ?  
*Ball.* I do not think but Proteus, Sir, begot you  
 On a Chameleon. *Asot.* Nay, I know my mother  
 Was a Chameleon: for my father allowed her  
 Nothing but aire to feed on.

## SCEN. V.

*Ballio, Asotus, Phryne.*

*Phryn.* **R**ises Aurora with a happy light  
 On my *Asotus* ? *Asot.* Beauteous *Phryne*, wel-  
 Although the Dragons tail may scandal thee, ( come :  
 And Mars corrupt the Scorpion and the Ramme ;  
 Yet the good Moon in angles and fixt signes  
 Gives thee a good report. *Phryn.* What means my dear ?  
*Asot.* Thy dear, my beauteous *Phryne*, means the same  
 With *Hali*, *Baruch*, and *Abobali*,  
*Caucaph*, *Toz*, *Arcaphan*, and *Albuas*,  
*Gasar*, with *Asta*, *Hippocras*, and *Lencuo*,

G

Win

With *Ben, Benesaphan, and Alhubetes.*

*Phryn.* I fear you ha' studied the black art of late.

*Afot.* Ah Girl! Th'—Almutes of the filial house  
Is not depress'd, Venus is free, and Jove  
Not yet combust : the signes are watry signes,  
And Mercury beholds the trine aspect  
Unhinder'd in his influence. *Phryn.* What of all this?

*Afot.* We shall have babies plenty : I am grown  
Learned of late. Go *Phryne*, be in readinesse ;  
I long to tie the knot : at night we 'll make  
A young *Afotus*. *Phryn.* Health attend you, Sir. *Exit Phryn.*

SCEN. VI.

*Dipsas, Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus, Techmessa,  
Afotus, Ballio, Phronesium, Priests and sacrifice,  
and Hymens statue discovered.*

*Afot.* **T**Yndarus living? here, take this cloke away, *Ballio* :  
We have no use on 't. *Ball.* The more sorrow 's  
mine.

*Tyn.* How does my friend *Afotus*? *Afot.* You are welcome  
From the dead, Sir : I hope our friends in Elysium  
Are in good health. *Tyn.* *Ballio*, I thank you heartily,  
You had an honest and religious care  
To see us both well buried. *Ball.* I shall be hang'd. *Exit.*

*The song and sacrifice.*

*Priest.* Hymen, thou God of union, with smooth brow  
Accept our pious Orgies. Thou that tie'st  
Hearts in a knot, and link'st in sacred chains ( *He presents Tyndarus and Evadne.*  
The mutuall souls of Lovers, may it please  
Thy Deitie to admit into the number  
Of thy chaste votaries this blessed pair.  
Mercy, you gods! the statue turns away.

*Tyn.* Why should this be? The reason is apparent:  
*Evadne* has been false, and the chaste deitie  
Abhorres the sacrifice of a spotted soul.  
Go thou dissembler, mask thy self in modestie,

Wear

## Scen. 6.

*The Jealous Lovers.*

83

Wear virtue for a veil, and paint false blushes  
 On thy adulterate cheek. Though thou mayst cozen  
 The eyes of man, and cheat the purblind world,  
 Heaven has a piercing sight. Hymen, I thank thee,  
 Thou stopp'dst my foot stepping into the gulf.  
 How near was I damnation! *Evad.* Gentle Hymen,  
 What sinne have I unwillingly committed  
 To call heavens anger on me? *Priest.* If there be  
 A secret guilt in these, that hath offended  
 Thy mighty godhead, wilt thou please to prove *He presents*  
 This other knot? The Statue turns again! *Pam. & Tech.*  
 What prodigies are these! *Pam.* Celestiall powers,  
 You tyrannize o're man: and yet 't is sinne  
 To ask you why you wrong us. *Tech.* Cunning Pamphilus,  
 Though, like a snake, you couch your self in flowers,  
 The gods can find your lurking, and betray  
 The spotted skin. *Priest.* Above this twenty years  
 Have I attended on thy sacred Temple,  
 Yet never saw thee so incens'd, dread Hymen.

*Tyn.* To search the reason, will you please to profer  
 These to his godhead? *Priest.* Will thy godhead deigne  
 These two the blessings of the geniall sheet? *He presents Pam.*  
 He beckens 'em. *Tyn.* I, there the faith is plighted. *& Evad.*  
 False Pamphilus, the honour of the temple,  
 And the respect I bear religion,  
 Cannot protect thee. I will stain the altars,  
 And sprinkle every statue in the shrine (thunder.  
 With treacherous bloud. *Priest.* Provoke not Joves just

*Tyn.* Well, you may take Evadne; heaven give you joy.

*Pam.* Religion is mere juggling. This is nothing  
 But the Priests knaverie: a kind of holy trick  
 To gain their superstition credit. Hymen,  
 Why dost thou turn away thy head? I fear  
 Thy bashfull deitie is asham'd to look  
 A woman in the face. If so, I pardon thee:  
 If out of spight thou crosse me, know, weak godhead,  
 I'll teach mankind a custome that shall bring

*The Jealous Lovers.*

Act. 5.

Thy alters to neglect. Lovers shall couple  
As other creatures,——freely, and ne're stand  
Upon the tedious ceremonie.——Marriage :  
And then thou Priest mayst starve. Who in your temple  
Will light a cere-candle, or for incense burn  
A grain of frankincense ? *Chrem.* Heaven instruct our souls  
To find the secret mysterie ! *Asot.* I have entertein'd  
One that by Ylem and Aldeboran,  
With the Almutes, can tell any thing.  
I'll fetch him hither : he shall resolve you. *Exit Asot.*

*Chrem.* Man is a ship that sails with adverse winds,  
And has no haven till he land at death.  
Then, when he thinks his hands fast grasp the bank,  
Comes a rude billow betwixt him and safetie,  
And beats him back into the deep again.

SCEN. VII.

*Enter Asotus, Demetrius : manent ceteri.*

*Asot.* **H**ere 's another figure to cast, Sir. These two Gentlemen

*Dem.* A sudden joy o'recomes me. *Asot.* Are to marry  
Old Chremylus daughters. This is Tyndarus,  
And he should have Evadne : and this Pamphilus,  
That has a moneths mind to Techmeffa ; but that Hymen  
Looks with a wry neck at 'em. If the Ascendent  
With all his radiations and aspects  
Know any thing, ——here 's one that can unfold it.  
I must go fit my self for mine own wedding. *Exit.*

*Dem.* Flie from the temple you unhallowed troupe,  
That dare present your sinnes for sacrifice  
Before the gods ! *Chrem.* What should this language mean ?

*Dem.* Think you that heaven will ever signe a grant  
To your incestuous matches ? *Chrem.* How incestuous ?

*Dem.* This is not Tyndarus, but Demetrius sonne,  
Call'd Clinias, and fair Evadne's brother.  
Evadne trodd in exchange to Chremylus,  
For young Timarchus, whom Demetrius took

With



With him to Athens, when he fled from Thebes  
To save the infants from the monsters jaws,  
The cruel Minotaur. Marvell not the gods  
Forbid the banes, when in each match is incest.

*Chr.* I wonder he should know this. *Tyn.* I am amaz'd.

*Dem.* I will confirm your faith. *Tyn.* My father? *He pulls*

*Pam.* My father?

*off his disguise*

*Dem.* No, good Timarchus, ask thy blessing there.

Sir, if I not mistake me, you are Chremylus.

Pray let me see that ring. — Sir, I must challenge it,

And in requitall will return you this.

*Chrem.* Demetrius! welcome. Now my joyes are full,  
When I behold my sonne and my old friend.

*Dem.* Which is Evadne? Blessings on thy head.

Now, Chremylus, let us conclude a marriage

As we at first intended; my Clinias

With your Techmessa, and your sonne Timarchus

With my Evadne. *Chrem.* Heaven has decreed it so.

*Dem.* Are the young *Pam. Evad.* } The will of heaven  
people pleas'd? } *Tyn. Tech.* }

Must be obey'd. *Dem.* Now trie if Hymen please

To end all troubles in a happy marriage.

*Priest.* Hymen, we thank thee, and will crown thy head

With all the glorious chaplets of the spring:

The first-born kid and fattest of our bullocks

Shall bleed upon thy altars (if it be

Lawfull to sacrifice in blood to thee,

That art the means to life) 'cause thy provident mercy

Prevented this incestuous match. Deigne now

Propitious looks to this more holy knot.

This virgin offers up her untouch'd zone,

And vows chaste love to Clinias. All joy to you,

The fair Evadne too is come to hang

Her maiden-girdle at thy sacred shrine,

And vows her self constant to the embraces

Of young Timarchus. — Happiness wait on both!

*Tyn.* I see our jealous thoughts were not in vain.

Nature, abhorring from so foul a sinne,  
Infus'd those doubts into us.

SCEN. VIII.

Enter Asotus in arms with a drum & trumpet, attended  
by Thrasymachus, Hyperb. Bom. Cher. Simo, Phryne.

Asot. IF there be any Knight that dares lay claim  
To beauteous Phryne,——(as I hope there's none)

I dare him to th' encounter; let him meet me  
Here in the lists:——If he be wise, he dare nor,  
But will consider danger in the action.

I'll winne her with my sword:——mistake me not,  
I challenge no man. He who dares pretend  
A title to a hair shall sup with Pluto:

'T were cooler supping in another place.  
No champion yet appear?——I would fain fight.

Phron. Sir, if you want a champion, I am for you.

Asot. I ha' no quarrel to thee, Amazon.

Phron. I must have a husband too, & I will have a husband; I, and I will have you: I can hold out no longer: I am weary of eating chalk and coals, and begin to dislike the feeding on oat-mical. The thought of so many marriages together has almost lost my maiden-head.——

Asot. Why, thou shalt have my father: though he be old, He's rich, and will maintein thee bravely. Dad, (happy. What think you on't? Sim. Thou'lt make me, boy, too She shall have any thing. Phron. You will let me make My own conditions. Sim. What thou wilt, my girl.

Phron. I will feed high, go rich, have my six horses,  
And my imbroyder'd coach, ride where I list,  
Have all the gallants in the town to visit me,  
Maintein a pair of little legs to go  
On idle messages to all the Madames.  
You shall denie no Gentleman entertainment.  
And when we kisse and toy be it your cue  
To nod and fall asleep. Sim. With all my heart.

Asot. Then take him, Girl, he will not trouble thee long;

For

cen. 9.

*The Jealous Lovers.*

For Mars being orientall unto Saturn,  
And occidentall to the Sunne, proclaims  
He is short-liv'd. *Phron.* Well Sir, for want of a better  
I am content to take you. *Afot.* Joyn 'em, Priest.

*Priest.* Thus I conjoyn you in religious bands.

*Afot.* Now usher Phryne to my amorous arms.

*Priest.* The generous Afotus and fair Phryne

Present their vows unto thee, gracious Hymen.

*Sext.* I forbid the banes. *Staph.* I forbid (They speak out  
of the coffin.)  
the banes.

*Afot.* And can there be no weddings without prodigies?

This is th' impediment the Azymenes

Or Planetary hindrance threatned me.

By the Almutes of the seventh house,

In an aspect of Tetragon radiation,

If Luna now be corporally joyn'd,

I may o'recome th' averfeneffe of my starres.

*Tyn.* Sir, as you clear'd our doubts, I will clear yours.

See you these ghosts? Well Sexton, take heed hereafter

How you rob the dead; some of 'em may cozen you.

*Sext.* Pardon me, Sir; I seriously vow

Henceforth to rob no creature but the living.

*Tyn.* Well, you shall both fast to night, and take penance  
at the lower end of the table in these sheets; and that shall be  
your punishment.

*Afot.* Phryne, I take thee for my loving spouse.

*Phryn.* And I take you for my obedient husband.

*Priest.* And I conclude the tie. *Afot.* Ha, you sweet rogue!

SCEN. IX.

*Enter Ballio with a balter about his neck.*

*Afot.* **VV** Hy how now, Tutour? a rope about your neck?  
I have heard, that hanging and marrying go  
by destinie;

But I never thought they had come together before.

*Ball.* I have cast a serious thought upon my guilt,

And find my self an arrant rogue. The gallows

...the one I was ever born to.

...the one I was ever born to.

...the one I was ever born to.

...the one I was ever born to.

...the one I was ever born to.

...the one I was ever born to.

...the one I was ever born to.

...the one I was ever born to.

...the one I was ever born to.

...the one I was ever born to.

...the one I was ever born to.

...the one I was ever born to.

...the one I was ever born to.

...the one I was ever born to.

...the one I was ever born to.

...the one I was ever born to.

*Exeunt cum choro  
cantantibus in laud. Hym*

## Epilogus.

*Afotus, Astrologer.*

*Afot.* **H**OW now? Will our indeavours give satisfaction.

*Afot.* I find by the horoscope, & the elevation of

the bright Aldebaran, & Sextile opposition; and that the

planets are in the house to the enemies house.

*Afot.* Agree with your Alacities, Horoscopes, Elevations,

and Sextiles, and Oppositions. I have an art of mine

to tell this figure by.

The Lovers now Jealous of nothing be

For your acceptance of their Comedie.

And your influence for here

the bright Aldebaran is as high a Sphere.

And the stars I see at; we shall find

the stars I see at; we shall find

the stars I see at; we shall find

the stars I see at; we shall find

the stars I see at; we shall find

the stars I see at; we shall find

the stars I see at; we shall find

the stars I see at; we shall find

the stars I see at; we shall find

the stars I see at; we shall find

othe  
yo

boy  
Hym

on  
on o  
th

ons  
nine